THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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Original Poetry.

EARLY DREAMS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY THE LEYDEN BARD.

Respectfully dedicated to J. J. Mitchell, Esq.

Fancy told a pleasing story
With her infant flowery tongue,
Of the brilliant wreaths of glory
Through life's winding pathway flung.
Visions dazzling bright and golden
Burst upon youth's sunny view;
Lofty laurels, late and olden,
Were revealed and shone anew.

From old ocean's foamy fountains,
From her caves and circling strand,
From earth's vallies, hills and mountains,
From the skies of every land,
Came a magic wreath word-dwelling
O'er the young aspiring soul,
Breathing hope through every feeling,
Nerving life beyond control.

Ah, what charms spread out before him
Waiting but his pleased command;
How they thickly glittered o'er him,
Tempting his unskilled hand!
Nature seemed to have unfolded
All her treasures rich and rare;
Naught her potent laws had moulded,
But it hung in splendor there!

Shining crowns of song and story,
Formed with sabre, spear and shield,
Dyed in streams all dark and gory,
Beamed upon the battle field.
Prowess waved her standard proudly
O'er the gashed and falt'ring foe;
Vengeance call'd the legions loudly—
Triumph hurled the vanquished low!

Proud Minerva spread her pinions
Sweetly plumed with radiant flowers,
Scat'ring through her fair dominions
Lasting wreaths in sparkling showers.
Oh her slender, snowy finger
Pointed to her native skies;
Who would ponder—who dare linger,
Tempted by this golden prize?

Toils and dangers quickly vanished
As the solemn hour drew nigh;
Courage with the last fear banished
Boldly breathed its vauntings high,
Victory could not be doubted,
Were the contest but begun;
One bold struggle, short but mighty,
Fame and glory should be won.

Beauty with her winning splendor
Came to cheer the glorious task;
Love too whispered words full tender,
All was ready heart could ask.
Friendship's smiles were brightly beaming
O'er his flushed and throbbing brow;
Hope from every fount was streaming—
Oh who could not conquer now?

Well!—a hasty step youth ventured
On the startling path of strife;
But how false were fancy's counsels—
What a fearful thing was life!
Then he paused, and gazed, and wondered,
At the dreams his heart had prized;
This he asked, and o'er it pondered—
"Will they e'er be realized?"

Pittsburg, Oct. 9th, 1845.

Revolutionary Tales.

THE CAMPBELL FAMILY; Or, The Patriot Brothers.

A NARRATIVE OF 1781.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

CHAPTER I.

It was on a cold, stormy evening in March, 1781, that a family group was gathered around the fireside of a farm-house, situated near one of the rivers that empty into the northern part of the Chesapeake Bay. An air of sadness pervaded every countenance, and the conversation was carried on with a deep earnestness, evincing a general and anxious interest in the subject under discussion. Two old men, one apparently about sixty, and the other a few years younger, each occupied an arm-chair at opposite sides of the hearth; and in front of the fireplace two females were seated with a small work-table between them. The elder of these, a graceful, interesting looking woman, sat in an attitude of painful thought, with her head resting on her hand, whose delicate whiteness formed a striking contrast with the raven darkness of her hair that was simply parted across her high pale forehead. The deep melancholy impressed on her countenance, the fixed saddened gaze of her dark eye, as if she were brooding over past scenes of grief, never to be forgotten, told that she was one to whom sorrow was a cherished and familiar guest. The younger was a fair, beautiful creature, who looked scarcely old enough to be the mother of the infant that lay reposing on her lap, while her arm encircled its little form with a fond pressure as if she were unwilling to lay it down in the cradle beside her prepared for its reception. The subject upon which they had been conversing, brought painful emotions even to her young heart, and suffused her soft blue eyes with gushing tears, but she looked as if sadness was strange and unwelcome to her, and as though love and happiness were her only congenial elements.

"This year has opened with gloomy prospects for us," said the elder Mr. Campbell, "and it seems as though the hope of establishing our independence by a speedy and favorable termination of the war is as distant now as it was at the commencement of our struggle. What will become of us if some decisive measures be not resorted to, to rouse the people from their apathy in the cause of freedom."

"Never fear, brother," said the younger of the two, who was generally known by the sombriquet of Uncle John, "never fear, there is spirit enough left among us yet to send King George's armies home with sad tales of defeat and disaster. They'll find they have crossed the Atlantic on a bootless errand, I warrant you, before the year is over."

"I trust in God it may be so," said Mr. Campbell, "but these painful accounts of disaffection in our ranks, what will it lead to, if something be not done, and if the necessary relief be not soon forthcoming? A ragged, barefooted, starving army must needs be more than human if they can keep up their courage and zeal unabated in the prospect of contending with an army well fed, well clothed, and so much their superiors in point of numbers and discipline. What man but a Washington could have borne these multiplied difficulties and disasters on all sides without giving up in despair? God must have raised him up especially for this crisis, and nothing but Divine strength imparted to him could have sustained him under all he has had to undergo. Think of a man contending for nearly eight years against a powerful, well disciplined foe, with a small army mostly composed of raw recruits, who have not had food or clothing enough to keep them from suffering; a man who has sacrificed every personal interest and exposed himself to the probable chance of a rebel's ignominious death, for a people who now seem unwilling to sustain him, and some of whom have malignantly endeavored to excite suspicion against him, by censuring him for not having brought the war to a close when it has been needlessly protracted by their own criminal neglect in withholding support. And in addition to these, to think that in the small force he has to depend on, there are daily instances of mutiny and disaffection, and an enemy close by to foment these disorders by offering the starving unpaid insurgents the most tempting rewards of money and promotion in case of their becoming the loyal subjects of the King. If all these things are not enough to make a man give up in despair, his hopes must be founded in a higher basis than human probability."

"Our noble Washington," said Uncle John, "has a heart that never quails under any difficulty, he fearlessly trusts our righteous cause to God and to the indomitable spirit of liberty in the hearts of our countrymen. However much he may lament the disaffection in his troops and may feel it his duty as a commander to arrest the growing evil, yet he well knows it does not arise from treachery to the cause of freedom. Remember, brother, what was the response of the Pennsylvania line to General Wayne—'Do not mistake us, we are not going to turn Arnolds, on the contrary were the enemy to come out you should see us fight under your orders with as much resolution and alacrity as ever.' And recollect too how they served the emissaries of the British officers who offered to reward them so liberally if they would only come over to their side.—These mutineers, though justly censurable for the manner in which they sought redress for their wrongs, were still true to the cause of American independence, and ready to shed the last drop of their blood in its defence. Notwithstanding our present gloomy prospects, the spirit of '76 will again rouse like an invigorated lion from its temporary slumber, and we shall yet make the British feel the force of our right arms when stirred anew by the undying spirit of Liberty. Good news from the South has reached us, and the glorious victory at Cowpens may be a prelude to still greater success. I heard to-day from one of our neighbors who has just returned from town, that it is rumored there that Washington has detached twelve hundred men from his army, under the command of the gallant young Lafayette, to proceed to Virginia to aid in arresting the progress of that arch-villain Arnold. If this be true, Kate, we may stand a chance of seeing your hero, who will be glad to be included in this detachment, if he can thereby get a kiss from his little wife, his darling boy, and his sister Mary, and a heart-warm shake of the hand from his old father and bachelor uncle."

"Oh, uncle!" said the young wife, "do you think I can hope to see him? It will be too much happiness!—but this expedition, will it not be a dangerous one? I tremble at the thought of his going into Virginia. Oh, if we could only keep him with us! This dreadful war, when will it be over?"

"Would you wish to keep Charles at ease around our fireside, while his country is threatened with destruction?" said Mary Campbell, while her dark eye flashed with emotion. "I would scorn to own him as a brother; better, far better, would it be for him to perish in the glorious cause of freedom than to live ingloriously in safety. But Charles Campbell has not a drop of cowardly blood in his veins, and will never shrink from any danger in his country's service."

When Mary saw the eyes of her gentle sister-in-law fill with tears, she hastily arose, and throwing her arms around the neck of Kate, tenderly exclaimed: "Forgive me, dearest Kate, I spoke too warmly. When the war is over, we shall have Charles with us, and then he will never leave you. Pardon me, sister; my heart has grown cold and stern in these troublous times. I cannot sympathize with the natural feelings of woman as I ought to do."

Kate leaned her head against Mary, and wept her forgiveness, saying, "I am a poor, silly trembler, Mary, the safety of Charles is a dearer thought to me than my country's freedom. With him I could be happy even in slavery, but if I should lose him what will the world be to me?"

"You must learn to be more of a heroine, Kate," said Uncle John. "You know that Charles is the only representative of the Campbells that can do his country service,—since his father and I were laid upon the shelf by the villainous balls of the British. I only wish that his arm and my leg had steered clear until the last battle of American Independence was fought, and then they might have maimed us in welcome, when there was no more fighting to be done."

Uncle John had hardly concluded, when they were all startled by a loud knock at the hall door. Mr. Campbell rose hastily, and on reaching it, cried out, "Who's there?"

"A friend," was the ready response, and the old man exclaimed, "Thank God, it is my son!"

CHAPTER II.

Before the process of unlocking and unbolting the door had been gone through, the family group were standing by it, ready to embrace the long absent Charles. After the first warm greetings were over, and the happy soldier was seated with one arm round his wife and boy, and the other round his beloved sister, Uncle John said, "Now, Charles, you have kissed Kate often enough; do stop for a while, and tell us the news."

"If you were but a bachelor, uncle," said Charles, "you would have more mercy on me. I am so glad to see you all, and to look once more on my wife and boy, that I can think of nothing else."

"Tut, tut, man! remember you are a soldier! If you stay with us many days, Kate will make you as chary of war and war's alarms as she is. She is a very coward, Charles, and a traitress, too, for she does not scruple to avow that she loves her husband better than her country!"

This reunited family thus enjoyed a transient gleam of happiness, in the interchange of social affection—a pleasure in those troublous times usually rare as it was brief, with those families where one or more of their loved ones had given themselves up for weal or wo, to the defence of their suffering country.

"We were brooding sadly this evening over our future prospects, Charles," said his father; "have you any good news to cheer us?"

"There is much cause to fear, father, but yet enough of hope left to animate our exertions. Our noble Washington's maxim is never to despair of our country, but to trust our righteous cause to God. And, indeed, it appears as if Providence has overruled in our behalf, for even the elements seem to favor us. The great damage sustained by the British fleet near Long Island, by a furious storm, has given a temporary superiority to the French naval force. As soon as Washington heard of this, he determined to turn the favorable crisis to the best advantage by taking immediate measures to check the devastations of that arch-traitor Arnold, in Virginia. He ordered off our detachment, which is twelve hundred strong, and gave us the gallant La Fayette for our commander, with instructions to proceed as rapidly as we could to the head of the Chesapeake, and there to embark for Virginia. He wrote to Count de Chambeau and Monsieur Destouches, recommending that the whole French fleet should sail for Virginia, with a detachment of land troops to meet ours, and that one of their frigates should convey us down the bay. We have proceeded on our way as far as Annapolis, where our men are now waiting for the convoy. I have obtained a short leave of absence to spend a few days with you all before we embark for the scene of action. If the plan of Washington is only carried out, we shall soon show that renegade wretch what we can do when doubly incited by love for our country, and hatred to a traitor."

"The double-dyed villain," exclaimed Uncle John, "I hope yet to see him meet the fate he deserves. Arnold was a bold, brave man, but he never was a true-hearted American. A man who could stoop to every little dirty trick to defraud the public, as he did, never could be a patriot. Whenever I see a man, I do not care who he is, whose soul is filled with the love of money, whether it is for the sake of hoarding it, or for the purpose of spending it in extravagance and dissipation, I would not give a farthing for his pretended patriotism; for I know he would sell his country any day if he could make a good bargain out of the speculation. I know many such men; they make a great ado about liberty, and shout hurrah for freedom as loud as anybody, but wait till they are solicited to advance something on credit, for clothing or feeding the poor soldiers fighting in defence of our homes, then they will draw in their horns under their shells pretty quickly as soon as you touch them on this tender point, and will begin to talk about depreciated currency, and their fears that Congress will never be able to remunerate them. And if they happen to have flour or goods to sell, they will either refuse to part with them, or else charge ten times more than their worth. These men are Arnolds at heart, and if they only had a fair chance, would become Arnolds in action—I have my eye on one of these men, and if I do not fix him yet before the war is over, my name is not John Campbell."

"But Uncle," said Mary, "these base recreants are more than counterbalanced by the many noble examples of self-sacrificing devotion to the cause of liberty that are to be met with in every section of our country. Think how many have given up all they possessed and pledged themselves and their families into voluntary poverty, that they might aid in sustaining the struggle for independence. Do you not suppose too, uncle John, that what father did in the beginning of the contest, by selling his family plate and town residence, for the purpose of devoting the proceeds to the service of his country, and that your disinterested exertions in raising a company of recruits at your own expense, wholly counteracted the selfish example of two or three of your fellow townsmen? And, thank God, there were many who were stimulated to similar acts of self-denying patriotism in the cause of freedom. It is a spirit of liberty leading to such deeds, that gives a moral power to our revolution, which the combined armies of every despot in Europe could never be strong enough to crush. We may suffer defeat and disasters, be in discipline and physical force our army is inferior to that of England, but we will yet be a free and independent nation. The material machinery of hireling troops and salaried officers, powerful as it may be, must eventually give way before the unconquerable energy of a people determined to be free. But before this, many more noble spirits may be laid low, and the blood of many sons of liberty may be shed on our battle fields."

As Mary concluded, her deep emotion overcame her, and after an ineffectual attempt to control her feelings, she rose hastily and bid the family good night.

A general sadness overspread each countenance, and after a few minutes of silent and painful thought, Charles said with a sigh, "Poor Mary, her heart is still Pulaski's. He was a noble fellow, and I do not wonder that in a nature like her's, affection should be left sacred to him even in death. But it pains me to see her wasting away under this life-consuming sorrow. She is fitted to be the wife of a hero, and how glad I should be if she could become interested in some one worthy of her."

When Mary retired to her solitary chamber, she sank down into a chair, and sat for some time with her face buried in her hands, and at length exclaimed, "This must not be! my heart is still woman's in its tenderness. If he had lived—while Poland continued in slavery, he never could have been mine. All that my affection had to trust in, was the blest assurance that I would have been his choice under happier auspices, for did he not tell me that the sad fate of his country forbid all thoughts of his own personal happiness—that his affections were sacred to Poland, and his life devoted to the cause of liberty wherever his aid was needed? His spirit shall be mine, and the liberty of my native land shall rouse my sinking heart into its wonted energy, and rekindle that enthusiasm in the cause of freedom which first led me to love one who has so nobly given up his life to its service." She drew a miniature from her bosom and gazed on it in silence. It represented Pulaski sitting in an attitude of deep, melancholy thought, his right hand pressed against his heart, partly covering a medal on which was inscribed, "My country!" With a heavy deep-drawn sigh she turned to the inscription on the back of the picture, engraved in these words: "Above all—Liberty." "Yes!" said she with enkindled emotion, "Above all—Liberty!" let this be my motto too, let this animating thought subdue the softness and tenderness of womanhood. But when this excitement passes away, I shall again expose my weakness and suffer my feelings to overcome me—Alas! I have no strength in myself; Oh God, be thou the supporter of my feebleness! Enable me to be resigned to thy will, and to fix my thoughts and affections on thee and my country."

CHAPTER III.

Charles Campbell, after a few days of happiness with his beloved family, took leave of them with assumed cheerfulness, and proceeded to Annapolis to join his detachment. In parting with him, all endeavored to control their feelings, from an unwillingness to add to the sorrow of each other. Poor Kate continued gazing after her young husband with a strange bewildered air, and as soon as he passed from her sight she could bear up no longer. Wholly overcome by her grief, she gave utterance to her anxious fears in the most heart-rending expressions, and it was sometime before the tender sympathy and attentions of the family could soothe her into calmness.

Uncle John tried his best to bring back a smile to her saddened countenance, for, to see Kate gloomy was like loosing the only sunshine left to gladden his heart. Her child-like simplicity of character and natural cheerfulness of temperament made Kate quite as much of a pet with them all as her lively little boy, but with Uncle John she was an especial favorite, from her being the only one who was always ready to sympathize with his perennial flow of spirits. The elder Mr. Campbell had always been a silent, thoughtful man, and his natural seriousness was deepened into melancholy by the loss of his wife to whom he had been devotedly attached. Though she died before her children were old enough to appreciate her worth, yet he had ever kept her before them, by dwelling upon her many exalted traits of character, and it seemed to him as if the influence of her spirit still lingered around his home, and as if the love he felt for her in life had lost none of its depth of constancy after their long separation by death.

Uncle John was as partial to sunshine, the blue sky and the free air, as he was to the sight of happy human faces, and as soon as the clouds and chilling blasts of the early part of March had given place to a few pleasant spring-like days towards its close, he resumed his favorite seat in the porch. The house being situated on a hill with a graded ascent from the high banks of the river, commanded a fine view which extended several miles down the bay, and embraced a large tract of country on each side. Uncle John had always been more an observer than a reader, for his maxims were, that "Seeing is believing," and that "one thing seen by our own eyes, is worth a dozen noticed by others." So that wherever he was, he saw all that was going on around him. He never went out to his accustomed seat without his telescope, for this was as necessary to his enjoyment as his crutch was to his locomotion. His knowledge of the farming operations of his country neighbors was kept regularly posted up from day to day, and he could tell when corn was ploughed and another one seeded, and knew how many hands were employed in a field two miles off planting corn or making hay. These were his every day observations; but the sight of a vessel sailing down the bay or coming up the river, was as exciting and as deeply interesting to him as a romantic mystery to a novel-reading young lady. A few days after he had resumed his favorite station in the porch, and made himself acquainted with all that was being done on the farms for several miles round, he turned an anxious glance upon the blue waters of the Chesapeake in hope of seeing something to which he could point his telescope, and to his joy he descried a dim white speck upon the farthest verge of the horizon. Looking through his glass he saw a vessel, but still too far off to discover what it was, or whether it belonged to the friends or the foes of his country. Supposing it to belong to the French fleet, he anxiously watched its nearer approach. He looked earnestly at the flag, but from its position he could not tell to what nation it belonged, but at length it fluttered in the breeze, unfurled its folds into full view, and he beheld to his sudden consternation—the red cross of England! "The villainous thieves!" exclaimed the old soldier, "they are coming to burn our houses and plunder our barns!"

He had scarcely finished his exclamation, when he started up, and putting his crutch under his arm, moved on as rapidly as he could across the lawn, calling out "Tom! Tom! here, quick!" A tall, strapping negro came running towards him saying "What's the matter, what's the matter, Massa John?"

"Matter enough," said Uncle John, "I'll let you know soon enough. Run into the store-room where we keep our guns, and bring me two powder flasks, four or five rifles, and plenty of bullets, run for your life, and don't say a word to any of the family if you see them."

Tom was quite expeditious, and in a few minutes came hurrying along with his load of arms and ammunition.

"Bring them here behind the bushes," said the veteran, "I want to see if they are all loaded." After trying them, he said, "Now Tom I want you to go with me down to that clump of elm trees on the bank of the river, you take the rifles and I will carry the powder and bullets, we must move along quickly Tom, I want to take a few shots."

"Lawe! Massa John, what are you going to shoot, there's no game down there now I know."

"There will be presently though, Tom. I'll show you fine sport. Keep your tongue still, you must not say another word till I give you leave. If you obey orders, and do just as I tell you, I'll give you ten dollars when we get back."

"Don't give me that good for nothing Congress money, Massa, for that wouldn't buy enough to make Tom a shirt, give me ten real silver dollars, Massa," said Tom, chuckling with the familiarity of an indulged servant.

"Hush, you black Tom!" said Uncle John, "continental money is good enough for you or your betters, it will be as good as silver yet, I warrant you. Come, not another word, Tom, or you shall not have a dollar paper or silver."

Uncle John and Tom travelled on as fast as they could, until they reached the point of destination. Three or four large old elms stood near the edge of the bank, with a thick cluster of young cedars in the rear, and Tom was ordered to lay down his burden behind them and to take his seat close beside the rifles. Uncle John took out his telescope and gazed intently on the approaching vessel. The banks being too high on both sides of the river to effect a landing, he supposed it to be moving up towards a more favorable spot a mile or two above Mr. Campbell's residence. It was yet at some distance, and he turned round to give Tom his preparatory orders. Tom had fallen into a doze and was snoring quite sonorously when he was roused by a rough shake from Uncle John, as he cried out—"You lazy dog! wake up, you'll ruin me."

Tom jumped up and rubbing his eyes said, "I'se ready, Massa John, for anything, I haven't been asleep Massa, only resting myself, that's all."

"Now Tom," said Uncle John, "you must listen well to what I tell you, and follow my orders. There is a thieving British vessel coming up the river to steal our crops and burn our houses, and I want to give the villains a few shots to see if I cannot frighten them off. They will be near us in ten or fifteen minutes. I'll take my stand here with my rifle, and as soon as I say 'ready, Tom,' you must get behind me and hold me up, as my crutch will be in my way. As soon as I fire off one rifle you must hand me another. Now mind orders, Tom, and I'll reward you."

"Oh, Massa, the rogues will get our wheat and corn before we can get back to the house, for they can sail faster than we can walk."

"You old numscull! don't you know they'll have to go a great way up the river before they can land, and we'll get back time enough to give them a few shots more, if they venture to march down as far as our house."

Uncle John stood watching the coming vessel, and as soon as it was drawing within rifle-shot he gave the signal to Tom. The negro started up and putting his brawny arms under the shoulders of Uncle John, held him up with a firm grasp, while he carefully kept his head hidden behind that of the old hero, while his teeth chattered with fear.

The water being very deep below the precipitous bank on which Uncle John had taken his station, enabled the vessel to draw quite near it, while he was effectually concealed from the view of the enemy by the bushes and the drooping branches of the newly leaved elms. He had no means of ascertaining the number of his foes, as the evergreen shrubbery on the verge of the bank prevented a distinct view of the deck, but as soon as the white sails came nearly opposite, he took a steady aim, and fired off five rifles in quick succession, one after another.* A confused sound of voices reached him and he heard some one exclaim, "The rebels in ambush, let's give them a few shots and be off before we're taken in the lurch." Uncle John and Tom threw themselves flat on the ground, and the balls whistled through the trees and fell harmlessly four or five yards beyond them.

The vessel tacked about and steered towards the opposite shore, as if about to return to the mouth of the river, and when Uncle John stole a cautious glance, and found this to be the case, he said,

"My rifles frightened the villains off, Tom, if they did nothing more. Come, let us be off, too, lest they should take it into their heads to turn back. We'll go home by the meadow path, it will take us a little longer, but then they'll stand no chance of catching a glimpse of us on our way back—"

As soon as Tom had recovered from his fright he said,

"Didn't I behave well, Massa John, you'll give me ten good dollars now, won't you, massa?"

"Yes, Tom, you shall have your ten dollars—never fear—you've fairly earned them."

As soon as they reached the house, Uncle John made his way into the sitting room to relate his morning's exploit, while Tom hurried to the quarter to boast of his own share in the adventure to his fellow servants.

"My fighting days are not over yet, brother," said Uncle John, "what will you think when I tell you, I have had a brush with the enemy this morning." This introduction was received with an incredulous smile, as it was thought to be a prelude to one of Uncle John's favorite jokes. This recital was listened to with mingled pleasure and alarm, and the veteran was made to have received congratulations for his successful bravery, as well as chidings for his hardihood.

* Though this incident may appear improbable, yet it is founded upon fact, and a similar exploit was actually performed by an old hero, whose farm lay upon one of the rivers emptying into the Chesapeake. The circumstance also is well known to those who live in the neighborhood where he formerly resided.

CHAPTER IV.

About a week after Uncle John's adventure, the following letter was received from Charles, containing unexpected intelligence. It was dated Head of Elk, April 10th.

"You will doubtlessly all be surprised to find we are at this place instead of being in Virginia. Owing to some delay or misunderstanding the French fleet, with the land troops, did not proceed to the Chesapeake, according to the directions given by Washington, and Lafayette having heard that an English squadron was coming up the bay, made immediate preparations to return to the main army near the Hudson. Before we were ready to embark for the Head of Elk, we were blockaded in the harbor of Annapolis by two British sloops of war, the Hope and Monk, which for a time prevented our departure, and by some intercepted letters we found it was their intention to oppose our movements.* Fearing we could not proceed by water, we were endeavoring to arrange our plans to go by land, which would have taken ten or twelve days, on account of the ferries and the difficulty of procuring horses, wagons and boats. The tediousness and obstacles to this mode of transporting our forces, suggested an expedient to frighten off the British sloops in the mind of Lafayette, and by a lucky thought he resolved to make the following experiment. He had two eighteen pounders put on board a small sloop, and on the morning of the 6th of April, Commodore Nicholson went out with this sloop, and another vessel full of men, and approached towards the Hope and the Monk. The sound of the eighteen pounders, or the fear of being boarded, operated successfully in our favor, for they retreated so far below the mouth of the river, as to permit us to embark and reach home in safety."

"It must have been one of these very sloops that I had a brush with," said Uncle John, "the fellows then had two frights in close succession. But go on with your letter, brother."

Mr. Campbell proceeded:—"Instead of pursuing our intention of joining the northern army, we received instructions from Washington to march to the South, to meet the enemy in Virginia, or to continue onward to the southern army, according as we shall be further advised by Gen. Greene. These orders were not very favorably received by many of the soldiers in our detachment, most of whom are from the Eastern States, and have strong prejudices against the southern climate.† Many desertions having taken place after the receipt of these instructions, our noble commander, fearing a dissolution of the corps, took the opportunity to appeal to their patriotism. He frankly told them he was about to enter on an enterprise of difficulty and danger, but one which, if successful, might be productive of important results towards the establishment of American Independence, and that he was persuaded that his soldiers would not willingly abandon him at such a crisis. He stated that if any among them should be unwilling to accompany him, a permit to return to their homes should be immediately granted. This touching appeal and happy expedient made a complete change in the former compromising state of affairs. It not only put an entire stop to desertion, but it also excited among them such enthusiasm in the glorious cause that a lame sergeant hired a place in a cart, that he might keep up with the army which is to accompany our gallant commander to the contemplated scene of action. Most of these poor fellows in our detachment are nearly barefooted, and entirely destitute of suitable clothing for the summer campaign. The warm-hearted Lafayette keenly compassionating their condition, and fearing that sufficient funds for providing for their necessities would not be forthcoming, owing to the depressed state of the public treasury, and the unwillingness or delay of the States in granting supplies, has generously offered to borrow, on his own private credit, from the merchants of Baltimore, a sufficient sum to purchase shoes, linen, and other articles necessary for the comfort of his soldiers. This noble and disinterested proposal, as you may readily suppose, has increased the attachment of the poor fellows to their beloved commander, and they are willing to go with him through every difficulty and danger. When I think of this youthful hero, a nobleman by nature as well as title, and remember all the sacrifices he has made in behalf of our suffering country, his devotion to the cause of liberty and human rights seem almost superhuman. What a powerful contrast does his voluntary aid present in laying his life and fortune at our service, when we look at some of our citizens, born and bred among us, who hold themselves back in cowardly neutrality, and clutch their gold with a miser's grasp, unwilling to give up a single dollar to relieve the suffering soldiers who have sacrificed every thing for the defence of their country, and undergo accumulated privations of food, clothing and shelter. As the detachment will probably reach Baltimore about the middle of this month, and I may not feel at liberty to get another leave of absence to visit you, I should like to meet you all there. Let all come, my dear wife and boy, my father, sister Mary, and Uncle John. I look forward to see all the beloved inmates of home, and to give each one another parting embrace before we start on our southern expedition."

This welcome letter from the absent Charles was read over again by each one separately, and was then given up into Kate's possession as she felt, though it was addressed to all, that she had a prior right to keep it as her own. The next day after its receipt, the different members of the family were all busied in making preparations for their visit to Baltimore. And in the early part of the ensuing week they all safely arrived in town and took lodging in the neighborhood of the handsome dwelling formerly owned by Mr. Campbell, and which was associated with many pleasing and mournful reminiscences of past days. Nothing but an enthusiastic devotion to the cause of his country could have induced him to part with a residence endeared to him as having been the home of his wife and the scene of so much domestic happiness, but the sacrifice was voluntarily made, for it enabled him to assist in equipping a corps of true-hearted sons of Liberty for the campaign of '76. The merchant to whom he had sold it had been but a few years a resident of Baltimore, and although the price was below its value, yet even a portion of this was still left unpaid.

At the commencement of the war between England and her American colonies, Mr. Campbell was in possession of a large fortune and a fine landed estate, but his liberality in the cause of freedom, and his losses by a depreciated currency had left him in restricted circumstances. But he never complained nor regretted the sacrifice, and was still willing and anxious to do yet more for the cause to which he had already contributed so much. The principal and interest of the sum still owing on his house amounted to several thousand dollars, and as he knew Mr. Venning was well able to pay it, he lost no time in urging this upon him, being desirous of adding this money to the amount so generously proffered by Lafayette.

Mr. Venning amidst all the chances and changes of the times, had continued closely attentive to his own interest, and had accumulated a large fortune in various ways by taking advantage of those who wished to sell their property to enter into the army, by disposing of his stock of goods and flour at treble prices and by speculating largely in the shifting currency. He would receive nothing but silver or its equivalent in exchange for his merchandise, but took care to force continental money on every one to whom he was indebted at a valuation that would enable him to realize the greatest possible profit from the transaction. Though no one had been subtle enough to convict him of downright Toryism, yet it was often suspected that he had hidden stores of flour studiously kept concealed from the knowledge of his American customers, but freely exhibited and disposed of it to the British emissaries whenever their soldiers were in need of provision. But his shrewdness and good management prevented the whispered suspicion from amounting to an absolute certainty in the minds of his fellow countrymen. Mr. Venning was an especial object of dislike to Uncle John, and he had always avoided making a personal acquaintance with him by keeping out of his way.

TO BE CONTINUED.

* Annals of Annapolis, page 194.
† Marshall's Life of Washington.

Our Traveller.

WAYSIDE SKETCHES Of the Old World.

NUMBER TWENTY-EIGHT.

STRAUSS AND HIS BAND—TOMB OF BEETHOVEN—LIBRARY—CABINET OF NATURAL HISTORY—MINERAL CABINET—ROYAL CARRIAGES.

Vienna, May 20th, 1845.

Among the many amusements here, the most common as well as the most delightful, is the fine music. Strauss and Lanner, the celebrated waltz-composers, whose bands are not surpassed in Europe, perform two or three times a week in some of the large hotels in the suburbs, and sometimes in the Imperial Gardens, while the houses of refreshment on the Glacis and in the Prater have daily their own bands employed, who perform the finest compositions for the enjoyment of the guests. Music seems to have grown into a necessity with the people, and its effect is found in their social and friendly manners.

We spent two or three hours delightfully yesterday evening in listening to Strauss's band. We went about sunset to the Odeon, a new building in the Leopoldstadt. It has a refreshment hall nearly five hundred feet long, with a handsome fresco ceiling, and glass doors opening into a garden walk of the same length. Both the hall and garden were filled with tables, where the people seated themselves as they came, and conversed sociably over their coffee and wine. The orchestra was placed in a little ornamental temple in the garden, and I hunted a seat where I could plainly see it, for I was anxious to see the world's waltz-king, whose magic tones can set the heels of half Christendom in motion. After the band had finished tuning their instruments, a middle-sized, handsome man stepped forward with long strides with a violin in one hand and bow in the other, and began waving the latter up and down, like a magician summoning his spirits. They came, obedient to the call. As if he had waved the sound out of his bow, the tones leaped forth from the instruments, and guided by his eye and hand, fell into a merry measure. The accuracy with which every instrument performed its part, was truly marvellous. He could not have struck the measure or the harmony more certainly from the keys of his own piano, than from that large band. The sounds struggled forth, so perfect and distinct, that one almost expected to see them embodied, whirling in wild dance around him. Sometimes the air was so exquisitely light and bounding, the feet could scarcely keep on the earth, then it sank into a mournful lament, with a sobbing tremulousness, and died away in a long-breathed sigh. Strauss seemed to feel the music in every limb. He would wave his fiddle-bow awhile, then commence playing himself with desperate energy, moving his whole body to the measure. Sometimes he would raise both instrument and bow in the air, and direct awhile, then beginning again, play till the sweat rolled from his brow. A book was laying on the music desk before him, but he made no use of it. He often glanced around with a kind of half-triumphant smile at the restless crowd, whose feet could scarcely be restrained from moving to the magic measure. It was the horn of Oberon realized. The composition of the music displayed great talent, but its charm seemed to consist more in the exquisite combination of the different instruments, and the perfect, the wonderful exactness with which each performed its part—a piece of art of the most elaborate and refined character.

The company, which consisted of several hundred, appeared to be full of enjoyment. They sat under the trees in the calm, cool twilight, with the stars twinkling above, and talked and laughed sociably together between the pauses of the music, or strolled up and down the lighted alleys. We walked up and down with them, and thought how much we should enjoy such a scene at home, where the forms around us would be those of friends, and the language our mother tongue!

We went a long way through the suburbs this afternoon, to a little cemetery about a mile from the city, to hunt the grave of Beethoven. On ringing at the gate a girl admitted us into the grounds, which are full of the monuments of noble families who have vaults there. I passed up the narrow walk, reading the inscriptions, till I came to the tomb of Franz Clement, a young composer, who died two or three years ago. On turning again, my eye fell instantly on the word "Beethoven," in golden letters, on a tombstone of gray marble. A simple gilded lyre decorated the pedestal, above which was a serpent encircling a butterfly—the emblem of resurrection to eternal life. Here then, mouldered the remains of that restless spirit, who seemed to have strayed to earth from another clime, from such a height did he draw his glorious conceptions. But the perfection he sought for here in vain, he has now attained in a world where the soul is freed from the bars which bind it in this. There were no flowers planted around the tomb by those who revered his genius; only one wreath, withered and dead, lay among the grass, as if left long ago by some solitary pilgrim, and a few wild buttercups hung with their bright blossoms over the slab. It might have been wrong, but I could not resist the temptation to steal one or two, while the old grave digger was busy preparing a new tenement. I thought other buds would open in a few days, but those I had taken would be treasured up many a year, as sacred relics. A few paces off, was the grave of Schubert, the composer, whose beautiful songs are heard all over Germany. The tombstone contains his bust, in bronze. Among the other monuments, I saw one to the noble Polish family, Radzivil, and another to Princess Constance Smyth, an English lady.

It would keep one busy a week to visit all the rich collections of nature and art in Vienna. They are all open to the public on certain days of the week, and we have been kept constantly in motion, running from one part of the city to another, in order to arrive at some gallery or other at the appointed time. Tickets are necessary for many, which have to be procured very often, in quite different parts of the city; and often on applying there after a great deal of trouble and search, we have found we came at the wrong hour, and must leave without effecting our object. Nevertheless we employ no guide, but prefer finding every thing out ourselves, and are by this time so well acquainted with the city that we have little trouble in making our way to any place. We make a list every morning of the collections open during the day, and employ the rest of the time in visiting the churches and public gardens, or rambling through the suburbs, and I think, in this way, we shall "do up" Vienna in two or three days more.

We visited the Imperial Library a day or two ago. It occupies the south side of the Joseph's Platz, a square with the bronze equestrian statue of Joseph II. in the middle. The walls of the broad marble staircase contain many ancient Roman tombstones and inscriptions. We applied to one of the officers for permission to see it, and he called a servant who took us into the great hall. I have seen no library yet that displays so much taste in its structure and arrangement as this. The hall is 245 feet long, with a magnificent dome in the centre, under which stands the statue of Charles V., of Carrara marble, surrounded by twelve other monarchs of the house of Hapsburg. The walls are of variegated marble, richly ornamented with gold, and the ceiling and dome are covered with brilliant fresco paintings. The library numbers 300,000 volumes, and 16,000 manuscripts, which are kept in walnut cases, gilded and adorned with medallions. The rich and harmonious effect of the whole cannot easily be imagined. It is exceedingly appropriate too, that a hall of such splendor, should be used to hold a library. The pomp of a palace may seem hollow and vain, for it is but the dwelling of a man, but no building can be too magnificent for the hundreds of great and immortal spirits who there tread the earth during thirty centuries, to dwell in.

Among other curiosities preserved in the collection, we were shown a brass plate, containing one of the records of the Roman Senate, made 180 years before Christ, Greek manuscripts of the fifth and sixth centuries, and a volume of Psalms, printed on parchment in the year 1457, by Faust and Schaeffer, at Mayence. There were also Mexican manuscripts presented by Cortes; the Prayer-book of Hildegard, wife of Charlemagne, with letters of gold; the signature of the holy San Carlo Borromeo, and a Greek Testament written in the thirteenth century, which had been used by Erasmus in making his translation, and contained notes in his own handwriting. But the most interesting article was the "Jerusalem Delivered," of Tasso, in the poet's own hand, with his erasions and corrections. It appears to have been the first copy.

The eastern side of the Joseph's Platz is taken up by the Cabinet of Natural History, which is open twice a week "to all respectably dressed persons," as the notice at the door says. The collection of quadrupeds is not equal to that in Frankfort, and they are not well preserved, but in birds, fishes and insects, it is very complete. The scientific embassy which was sent from Austria to Brazil in 1817, and remained there till 1835, contributed much to its value, and the number of rare specimens obtained in every branch of Natural History was sufficient to form a separate Brazilian Museum. The order and arrangement of the whole collection are incomparable.

While I am describing scientific collections, I may as well include the Mineral Cabinet, situated in a part of the palace buildings, fronting the battlements. It is said to be the most perfect in existence, and from the hasty glance one visit gave us, I should think it difficult to make such another. That in the British Museum is certainly far less complete, both as regards size and the value of the specimens. I was pleased to find a great many old acquaintances from America there. Massachusetts, Connecticut and New York were very well represented, and there were also quite a number from Pennsylvania. I had no idea before, however, that the mineral wealth of Austria was so great. Besides the iron and lead mines among the hills of Styria, and the quicksilver of Idria, there is no small amount of gold and silver found, and the Carpathian mountains are rich in jasper, opal and lapis lazuli. The largest opal ever found, was in this collection. It weighs thirty-four ounces, and looks like a condensed rainbow. There are several cases of polished jasper, marble and agate, and one of diamonds, rubies, sapphires and other gems.

I saw a quartz crystal four feet long and transparent, and one of beryl, from New Hampshire, more than six inches in diameter. There was also a case of aerolites or meteoric stones, containing specimens which had fallen in all parts of the world. The largest of these fell near Agram, in the year 1751, and weighs 71 pounds. In the halls devoted to geology, I noticed many fossil remains of antediluvian animals. Some of those, of the lizard tribe, had left perfect impressions, six or seven feet long. Among the articles of value is a nosegay of jewels, made for the Empress Maria Theresa.

We were going by the palace yesterday, and seeing several persons going into the basement story under the library, had the curiosity to follow them. By so doing, we got to see the splendid equipages of the house of Austria. There must have been nearly a hundred carriages and sleds, of every shape and style, from the heavy, square vehicle of the last century to the most light and elegant conveyance of the present day. One clumsy but magnificent machine, of crimson and gold, was pointed out as being a hundred and fifty years old. The sleds are very large, and covered with richly carved and gilded ornaments. I should like to see the Emperor and his suite on a sleighing party. The splendor of such a pageant could not easily be surpassed. One of Napoleon's carriages is said to be in the collection, but there was none pointed out as such, and we saw none marked with his accustomed bees.

J. B. T.

From the Magazines.

FROM GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK, FOR NOVEMBER.

(*By Permission.*)

THE MYSTERIOUS RETICULE.

BY MRS. CAROLINE LEE HENTZ.

"I own," said Fitzroy, "that I have some foolish prejudices, and this may be one. But I cannot bear to see a lady with a soiled pocket-handkerchief. I never wish to see anything less pure and elegant than this in the hand of a beautiful maiden." He lifted, as he spoke, a superb linen handkerchief, decorated with lace, that lay carelessly folded in the lap of Mary Lee.

"Ah, yes," exclaimed her cousin Kate, laughing, "it looks very nice now, for she has just taken it from her drawer. See, the perfume of the lavender has not begun to evaporate. But wait till to-morrow, and then it will look no nicer than mine."

"To-morrow," cried the elegant Fitzroy, with an expression of disgust; "surely no lady would think of using a handkerchief more than once! If I were in love with a Venus de Medici herself, and detected her in such an unpardonable act, I believe the spell would be broken."

"I would not give much for your love, then," cried Kate, "if it had no deeper foundation—would you, Mary?"

Mary blushed, for she was already more than half in love with the handsome Fitzroy, and was making an internal resolution to be exceedingly particular in future about her pocket-handkerchiefs.

Fitzroy was a young man of fashion and fortune, of fine person, elegant manners, cultivated mind, and fastidiously fine taste. He had, however, two great defects—one was, attaching too much importance to trifles and making them the criterion of character; the other, a morbid suspicion of the sincerity of his friends and a distrust of their motives, which might become the wildest jealousy in the passion of love. He had a most intense admiration of female loveliness, and looked upon woman as a kind of super-angelic being, whose food should be the ambrosia and nectar of the gods, and whose garments the spotless white of vestal purity. He had never known misfortune, sickness or sorrow, therefore had never been dependent on those homely, domestic virtues, those tender, household cares, which can alone entitle woman to the poetical appellation of a ministering angel. He was the spoiled child of affluence and indulgence, who looked, as Kate said, "as if he ought to recline on a crimson velvet sofa and be fanned with peacocks' feathers all the day long." He was now the guest of Mr. Lee, and consequently the daily companion of the beautiful, sensitive Mary and her gay cousin. With this passionate admiration for beauty, it is not strange that he should become more and more attracted towards Mary, who never forgot, in the adornments of her finished toilet, the robe of vestal white and the pure, delicate, perfumed handkerchief, which Fitzroy seemed to consider the *ne plus ultra* of a lady's perfections. The cousins walked, rode and visited with the elegant stranger, and never did weeks glide more rapidly away. Mary was happy, inexpressibly happy, for life began to be invested with that soft, purple hue, which, like the rich blush of the grape, is so easily brushed away and can never be restored.

Fitzroy had often noticed and admired, among the decorations of Mary's dress, a beautiful reticule of white embroidered satin. One evening, on returning from a party, Mary's brow became suddenly clouded. "Oh, how could I be so careless!" exclaimed she, in a tone of vexation; "I have left my reticule behind. How unfortunate!"

Fitzroy immediately offered his services, but Mary persisted in refusing them, and dispatched a servant in his stead.

"You must have something very precious in that bag," said Kate. "I have no doubt it is full of billetdoux or love-letters. I intend to go after it myself and find out all Mary's secrets."

"How foolish!" cried Mary. "You know there is no such thing in it—nothing in the world but—" She stopped in evident embarrassment, and lowered her eyes to avoid Fitzroy's searching glance.

The servant came without the bag, and again Fitzroy renewed his offers of search in the morning.

"No, indeed," said Mary; "I am very grateful, but I cannot allow you to take that trouble. It is of no consequence—I insist that you do not think of going. I am very sorry I said anything about it."

Mary's ill-concealed embarrassment and flitting blushes awakened one of Fitzroy's demon jealousies. Why this strange anxiety and confusion about a simple reticule? It must be the receptacle of secrets she would blush to have revealed. Kate's suggestion was probably true. It contained some confessions or tokens of love which she was holding in her heart's treasury, while her eye and her lip beamed and smiled encouragement and hope of bliss.

The next morning he rose from his bed at an early hour with a feeling of restlessness and anxiety, and resolved to go himself in search of the lost treasure. He found it suspended on the chair in which he remembered to have seen her last seated, leaning against the window, with the moonbeams shining down on her snowy brow. The soft satin yielded to his touch, and the exquisite beauty of the texture seemed to correspond with the grace and loveliness of the owner. He was beginning to be ashamed of his suspicions, when the resistance of a folded paper against his fingers recalled Kate's laughing assertions about love-letters and billet-doux, and jealous thoughts again tingled to his veins. For one moment he was tempted to open it and satisfy his tantalizing curiosity, but pride and honor resisted the promptings of the evil spirit.

Poor Mary! had she known what sweeping conclusions he brought against her during her homeward walk, she would have wished her unfortunate bag in the bottom of the ocean. She was false, coquettish and vain! He would never bestow another thought upon her, but bid adieu as soon as possible to her father's hospitable mansion, and forget his transient fascination. When he entered the room where Mary and Kate were seated, Mary sprang forward with a crimsoned cheek, and extended her hand with an eager, involuntary motion. "I thank you," said she, coldly, "but I am very—very sorry you assumed such unnecessary trouble."

She thanked him with her lips, but her ingenuous countenance expressed anything but gratitude and pleasure. Fitzroy gave it to her with a low, silent bow, and threw himself wearily on the sofa.

"I will know what mystery is wrapped up in this little bag," exclaimed Kate, suddenly snatching it from her hand. "I know it contains some love talisman or fairy token."

"Ah, Kate, I entreat, I pray you restore it to me," cried Mary.

"No—no—no," answered Kate, laughing, and holding it high above her head.

Mary sprang to catch it, but Kate only swung it higher and higher with triumphant glee. Fitzroy looked on with a scornful glance. Mary's unaffected alarm confirmed all his suspicions, and he felt a selfish gratification in her increasing trepidation.

"Kate, I did not think you could be rude or unkind before," said Mary, looking reproachfully at Fitzroy, for not assisting her in the contest.

"Since Miss Lee evidently endures so much uneasiness, lest the mysteries of her bag should be explored," cried Fitzroy, with a sarcastic smile, "I am sure her friends must sympathize in her sufferings."

"Oh, if you are in earnest, Mary," cried Kate, tossing the reticule over her head, "I would not make you unhappy for the world."

There was a beautiful child about two or three years old, a little sister of Kate's, who was playing on the carpet with the paraphernalia of her dolls. The bag fell directly in her lap, and she caught it with childish eagerness. "I got it—I got it!" cried she exultingly; and before Mary could regain possession of it, she had undrawn the silken strings and emptied the contents in her lap—a parcel of faded rose-leaves scattered on the floor, from a white folded paper that opened as it fell. Fitzroy beheld it, and his jealous fears vanished into air; but another object attracted his too fastidious gaze—a soiled, crumpled pocket-handkerchief lay ostentatiously displayed in the little plunderer's lap, and then was brandished in her victorious hand. Mary stood for a moment covered with burning blushes, then ran out of the room.

"Cousin Mary been eating cake," said the child, exposing the poor handkerchief still more fully to the shrinking, ultra-refined man of taste and fashion.

The spell was broken, the goddess thrown from her pedestal—the charm of those exquisite, transparent, rose-scented handkerchiefs forever destroyed. Kate laughed immoderately at the whole scene. There was something truly ridiculous to her in the unfathomable mystery, Mary's preposterous agitation and Fitzroy's uncontrolled disgust. There was a very slight dash of malice mingled with the gayety of her character, and when she recollected how much Fitzroy had admired and Mary displayed her immaculate and superb handkerchiefs, pure from all earthly alloy, she could not but enjoy a little her present mortification. She ridiculed Fitzroy so unmercifully that he took refuge in flight, and then the merry girl sought the chamber of Mary, whither she had fled to conceal her mortification and tears.

"Surely, you are not weeping for such a ridiculous cause!" said Kate, sobered at the sight of Mary's real suffering. "I had no idea you were so foolish."

Mary turned away in silence; she could not forgive her for having exposed her weakness to the eyes of Fitzroy.

"Mary," continued Kate, "I did not mean to distress you; I did not imagine there was anything in the bag you really wished concealed, and I am sure there was not. What induced you to make such a fuss about a simple pocket handkerchief? It looks as nice as mine does, I dare say."

"But he is so very particular," sobbed Mary, "he will never forget it. I have always carried a handkerchief in my bag for use, so that I could keep the one which I hold in my hand clean and nice. I knew his peculiarities, and thought there was no harm in consulting them. He will never think of me now without disgust."

"And if he never will," cried the spirited Kate, with flashing eyes, "I would spurn him from my thoughts as a being unworthy of respect or admiration. I would not marry such a man were he to lay at my feet the diadem of the East. Forgive me for having made myself merry at your expense, but I could not help laughing at your overwrought sensibility. Answer me seriously, Mary, and tell me if you think that if Fitzroy really loved you and was worthy of your love, he would become alienated by a trifle like this?"

Mary began to be ashamed of her emotion in the presence of her reasonable cousin,—she was ashamed and endeavored to conceal them, but they were not subdued. She was conscious she must appear in a ridiculous light in the eyes of the scrupulously elegant Fitzroy, whose morbid tastes she had so unfortunately studied. When they met again, it was with feelings of mutual estrangement. She was cold and constrained—he polite, but reserved. Mary felt with anguish that the soft, purple hue which had thrown such an enchantment over every scene, was vanished away. The realities of existence began to appear.

Fitzroy soon after took his leave, with very different feelings from what he had once anticipated. He blamed himself, but he could not help the chilled state of his heart. Mary was a mortal after all; she ate cake, drank lemonade, and used her handkerchiefs like other ladies, only she kept them out of sight. Her loveliness, grace and feminine gentleness of manner no longer entranced him. He departed, and Mary sighed over the dissolving of her first love-dream; but notwithstanding her weakness on this subject, she had a just estimation of herself, and a spirit which, when once roused, guided her to exertions which astonished herself. Her gay cousin, too, departed, and she was thrown upon her own resources. She read much, and reflected more. She blushed for her past weakness, and learned to think with contempt upon the man who had so false an estimate of the true excellence and glory of a woman's character. "Oh," repeated she to herself a hundred times, as, interested in domestic duties, she devoted herself to the comfort of her widowed father, "how miserable I should have been as the wife of a coxcomb, who would desire me to sit all day with folded hands, holding an embroidered handkerchief, with fingers encased in white kid

plexion]. How could I ever have been so weak and foolish?" Mary generally concluded these reflections with a sigh, for Fitzroy was handsome, graceful and intellectual, and he was, moreover, the first person who had ever interested her young heart.

The following summer she accompanied her father to a fashionable watering-place. She was admired and caressed, but she turned coldly from the gaze of admiration and cared not for the gayety that surrounded her. While others hurried to the ball-room, she lingered over her book or indulged in meditations, unfamiliar to the lovely and the young. One evening when she had been unusually dilatory, she heard her father call, and taking a lamp, began to thread the passage which led through a long suite of apartments occupied by the visitors of the spring. As she passed by one of the rooms, the door of which was partially opened, she heard a faint, moaning sound, and paused to listen. It returned again and again, and she was sure some stranger was suffering there, probably forgotten in the gay crowd that filled the mansion. Her first impulse was to enter, but she shrank from the thought of intruding herself, a young maiden, into the apartment of a stranger. "My father will go in and see who the sufferer is," cried she, hastening to meet him on the stairs.

Mr. Lee required no entreaties from his daughter, for his kind and humane feelings were immediately excited by the idea of a lonely and perhaps dying stranger, in the midst of a heartless crowd. Mary gave the lamp into her father's hand, and stood in the passage while he entered. A sudden exclamation, echoed by a faint low voice, made her heart palpitate with vague apprehensions. Who could this lonely stranger be, whom her father evidently recognized? She stood holding her breath painfully, fearing to lose the sound of that faint voice, which awakened strange emotions within her, when her father suddenly came to the door and beckoned her to him. "I do believe he is dying," said he, in an agitated tone. "It is Fitzroy himself! You must come to him, while I call a physician."

Mary almost mechanically obeyed the summons, and stood the next moment, pale and trembling, by the bedside of the man she had once loved. Could that, indeed, be the elegant Fitzroy?—with disordered hair, half-closed eyes, parched and trembling lips, which now vainly endeavored to articulate a sound?—the pillows tossed here and there, as if in wrestling with pain; the white counterpane twisted and tumbled—were these the accompaniments of this fastidious exquisite? These thoughts darted through her mind, as the vision of her soiled handkerchief came ghost-like before her. But she was no longer the weak girl who wept tears of bitter agony at the discovery that she was made of mortal mould; she was a woman awakened to the best energies and virtues of her sex. She found herself alone with the sick man, for her father had flown for the assistance he required and left her to watch till his return. She saturated her handkerchief with cologne and bathed his burning temples and feverish hands. Her heart softened over the invalid in his prostrate and dependent state. "Ah, proud Fitzroy," thought she, "this handkerchief is now more soiled and defaced than the one which alienated your fancy from me, and yet you shrink not from its contact. No pride or scorn now flashes from those dim eyes or curl those pallid lips. Alas! he is very, very ill—I fear even unto death." The tears gathered into her eyes at this appalling idea, and even mingled with the odorous waters with which she embalmed his forehead.

Her father soon came in with the physician, and Mary resigned her watch by his bedside. She withdrew to her own apartment and waited with intense anxiety the tidings which he promised to bring her. She was surprised at her own emotions. She thought Fitzroy perfectly indifferent to her—nay, more, that she disliked him; but now when she saw him in suffering and danger, she remembered the charm with which her imagination had once invested him, and accused herself of harsh and vindictive feelings.

"Yes," said Mr. Lee, in answer to her earnest inquiries, "he is very ill, dangerously ill. Imprudent exposure to the burning mid-day sun has brought on a sudden and violent fever, the consequences of which are most to be dreaded as he has never been sick before. Could he have commanded immediate attention, perhaps the disease might have been arrested. But in this scene of gayety and confusion—though got up for the express accommodation of invalids—Heaven save the sick and the dying."

"Who will take care of him, father? He has no mother or sister near. Oh, surely we must not let him die for want of care!"

"I know what you are thinking of, Mary," said Mr. Lee, shaking his head; "but I cannot consent to it. The fever may be contagious, and you are too young and too delicate for such a task. Besides there might be remarks made upon it. No; I will remain with him to-night, and to-morrow we will see what can be done for him."

"But to-night may be the crisis of his fate," pleaded Mary; "to-morrow it may be too late. You are very kind, father, but you are not a woman, and you know there are a thousand gentle cares which only a woman's hand can tender. I am a stranger here; I don't care if they do censure me. Let me act a true woman's, a kind sister's part. You know, by your own experience, what a skilful nurse I am."

Mary pleaded earnestly, and wound her arms caressingly around her father's neck, and looked up into his face with such irresistible eyes, that he could not refuse her. The pallid face of Fitzroy seemed to be leaning beside her own, clothed with that authority which sickness and approaching death impart. So Mary twisted up her shining ringlets and took the rings from her jeweled fingers, and donned a loose, flowing robe. Behold her, one of the loveliest nurses that ever brought the blessings of Hygea to the chamber of disease. There is a great deal said in romances of the interesting appearance of invalids, of a languor more lovely than the bloom of health, of a debility more graceful than the fullness of strength; but this is all romance. It has been said by one of the greatest moralists of the age, that the slow consuming of beauty is one of the greatest judgments of the Almighty against man for sin. Certainly a sick chamber is not the place for romantic beings to *fall in love*, but it is the place where love, once awakened, can exert its holiest influences, and manifest its death-controlling power; it is the place where religion erects its purest altar, and faith brings its divinest offerings. Yes, verily, it is hallowed ground. Thus Mary thought through the vigils of that long night. She had never been dangerously sick herself, but she felt the entire dependence of one human being upon another, and of all upon God. She felt, too, a kind of generous triumph, if such an expression may be used, in the conviction that this proud and over-sensitive being was so completely abandoned to her cares. Fitzroy lay in the deep lethargy of a burning fever, unconscious whose soft footsteps fell "like snow on snow" around his bed. "He never shall know it," said Mary to herself. "He would probably feel disgust instead of gratitude. If he saw this handkerchief, all impregnated with camphor and stained with medicine, he might well think it unfit for a lady's hand. Shame on me for cherishing so much malice against him—he, so sick and pale!"

For more than a week Fitzroy languished in that almost unconscious condition, and during that interval Mary continued to lavish upon him every attention a kind and gentle sister could bestow. At length he was declared out of danger, and she gradually withdrew from her station in the sick chamber. Her mission was fulfilled, and an angelic one it had been. The physician, her father, and a youthful, unimpaired constitution, accompanied the rest.

"What do I not owe you!" said Fitzroy, when, liberated from confinement, he was slowly walking with her through one of the green, shady paths of the enclosure. Now he, indeed, looked interesting. The contrast between his dark brown hair and pale cheek was truly romantic. That dark hair once more exhaled the odours of sweet-scented waters, and his black dress and spotless linen were as distinguished for their elegance as in former days. "What do I not owe you!" repeated he, with more fervor.

Mary smiled. "You were sick and I ministered unto you. I only obeyed a divine command. A simple act of obedience deserves no reward."

"Then it was only from a sense of duty that you watched over me so kindly?" repeated he, in a mortified tone. "You would have done the same for any stranger?"

"Most certainly I would," replied Mary; "for any stranger as helpless and neglected as you appeared to be."

"Pardon me," said he, evidently disconcerted, "but I thought—I dared to think—that ——"

Mary laughed, and her rosy lip began to curl with a slight expression of scorn. She was a woman, and her feelings had once been chafed, humiliated through him, if not by him. Her eyes sparkled, not vindictively, but triumphantly. "You dared to think that I was in love with you! Oh, no; that is all past—long, long ago."

"*Past!* Then you acknowledge that you have loved?"

"Yes," replied she, in the same laughing tone, though she blushed deeply all the while; "I did love you, Fitzroy, and I could have loved you with a life-long passion. To win your affection I tried to pass myself off as an angel, to whose garments the dust of mortality never adhered. You discovered my folly and turned from me in contempt. It was a bitter lesson at first, but I thank you for it now. I am not the foolish girl that I was when I first saw you, Fitzroy. You must not think that I am——"

"And I am not the fool I was then," interrupted he. "I know now what constitutes the perfection of a woman's character. You only captivated my fancy then, now you have won my whole heart."

"Better lost than won," cried Mary, in the same careless accents. "I could not keep the treasure, and I cannot take it. You think you love me now, but I might fall sick, you know, and people do not look so pretty when they are sick and you might not like the scent of camphor and medicine, and then one's handkerchiefs get so terribly soiled!"

She stopped and looked archly at Fitzroy's clouded countenance.

"I understand it all," cried he bitterly; "you nursed me in sickness and watched over me. But I must have looked shockingly ugly and slovenly, and you became disgusted. I cannot blame you, for I deserve such a punishment."

"No—no, not ugly, Fitzroy but helpless, weak and dependent, proud man that you are. But oh! you ought to know that this very helplessness and dependence endear the sufferer ten thousand times more to a fond woman's heart than all the pride of beauty and the bloom of health. I have had my revenge, but believe me, Fitzroy, the hours passed in your chamber of sickness will be remembered as the happiest of my life."

The tone of playful mockery which she had assumed subsided into one of deep feeling, and tears gathered in her downcast eyes. Fitzroy—but it is no matter what Fitzroy said—something that pleased Mary, for when they returned, more than an hour afterwards, her cheeks were glowing with the roses of Eden.

It was about six months after this that cousin Kate visited Mary—but not Mary Lee—once more. Fitzroy, who now often complained of a headache, was leaning back in an easy chair and Mary was bathing his temples, which she occasionally pressed with her linen handkerchief.

"Oh, shocking!" exclaimed Kate. "How can you bear to see Mary touch anything so rumpled and used about your elegant person?"

"The hand of affection," replied Fitzroy, pressing Mary's gently on his brow, "can shed a beautifying influence over every object. Mary is a true alchemist, and has separated the gold of my heart from the worthless dross that obscured its lustre. She put me in the crucible, and I have been purified by the fires through which I passed."

United States SATURDAY POST.

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A WORD TO SUBSCRIBERS.

We earnestly request subscribers in arrears for the "Post" to remit the amount of their respective subscriptions. This may be done by mail, and small notes of solvent banks will be received in payment. The reduced rate of postage makes this once formidable item, a comparatively unimportant one, and if subscribers will forward us good money in payment for the "Post," we shall not complain, even should they fail to pay the postage on their letters.

We would add that extensive arrangements have been made for sustaining the interest and value of the Evening Post, as a family Journal, and that those who desire a useful and agreeable fire-side companion, cannot do better than to send on their names as subscribers. Every person wishing to do so, can enclose his subscription money in a letter, to our address, and where clubs are formed, one of their number can send the money with the necessary directions, in the same manner. Although Post Masters are deprived of the franking privilege, we do not doubt their general willingness to oblige their neighbors and friends, by enclosing money for the Post, when requested to do so—the postage, of course, to be paid either by us or by the parties at whose request it is enclosed.

OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP.

October endeavored very hard last week to be inclement, and actually brought cloaks and overcoats very much into requisition; quite to the distaste of the ladies. They had just mounted their Fall fashion of bonnets (and a villainous looking fashion it is, too, begging their pardon,) and did not at all like the pinching of their noses, by the untimely presence of John Frost, Esq. Now we are in enjoyment of a most delightful temperature. If it be not the Indian Summer, it is mild and pleasant enough for any Summer, and blustering November, as he is uncourteously termed, bids fair to introduce himself with the blandest smile and the most courteous demeanor.

Long may he continue in that humor. When we express that wish we do it, moreover, with something more than a mere thought for the comfort of the wealthy and well at ease, and the convenience of the butterflies of fashion. A long Winter, protracted by the early commencement of inclement weather in Autumn, is a sad and terrible blow to the poor, and a great inconvenience to the industrious artisan, whose employment depends upon a propitious state of the skies. Those who depend upon their own health, and upon the weather as their stock in trade, though one might fancy such an article as health and muscle should command the market, are but precariously paid; and can afford no abatement of their income. We are gratified to notice signs of amelioration in the condition of the laborer—not merely in the increased efforts of the charitable, which are but remedies to a disease already existing—but in a respect which leads to better results and more permanent. There are habits of frugality and of temperance formed and widely prevalent, which diminish suffering by removing its causes, and which anticipate the need of relief, by preventing the occurrence of distress. With all these precautions however, it is unfortunately too true that much distress must exist in this, as in other largely populated places during the coming winter. And, if present appearances are not materially changed by our next news from abroad, the demand for our surplus products for export, will materially enhance the price of the necessaries of life in this country.

We have, however, no right to complain. The highest prices to which, in the nature of things, commodities may rise here, will not necessarily involve starvation. Our land is abundantly fruitful, and we annually waste more than would relieve the want of Europe. If we are taught by the call for bread, from the dense population of the old world, our own advantages and happy condition, the lesson will be worth learning, though at the expense of a little inconvenience to our pockets.

On the first page to-day will be found the commencement of an interesting Revolutionary Story, the scene of which is laid in Maryland. The author has exhibited much industry in collecting the minor facts which make up the probability of a narrative, and much ingenuity in weaving them in. The tale is more properly a historical one than most of the attempts of the kind; and may be read with profit as well as interest, by such persons as would gather more of the domestic history of those times than can be gleaned from history—unless indeed the inquirer be a student, groping in out of the way nooks, and among local records.

The war fever in our land appears to have very much abated. We hear next to nothing about war now either with Mexico or England. What the Congressional budget may open, for street corner heroics and newspaper eloquence, we shall now very soon learn, for but about four weeks now remain before the annual assembling of what has been jocularly called the wisdom of the nation. The correspondents, editors, and newspaper speculators in public opinion and partizan facts have already nibbed their pens; and, we shall soon, now, have a shower of Washington gossip—a perfect deluge of prophesy, and letter writers facts, of patriotic praise and of earnest condemnation. All sorts of things go on to make the grist of the ten-thousand newspaper mills (more or less) with which the country is provided.

The Fall business is now more than entered upon. Our merchants and factors seem to be busy and of course cheerful; but the operations of the grain and provision markets are a little feverish. The usual trade with the West India and other American markets is interfered with by the rise in flour; but what is taken off one interest is put upon another.

THE ARTISTS' EXHIBITION.

The Academy of Fine Arts, and the Artists' Association have this season joined their forces in one exhibition. The retouched, and in many cases completely restored property of the Academy, stands in the same exhibition with the fresh offerings of our painters, and with some gems which have been received from other sources. Altogether the exhibition is a pleasing one, and deserving of a better and more critical notice than we have space or leisure for to-day.

We have been highly gratified, within a short time past, to notice a new direction which wealth and taste are taking. Time was, when our amateurs deemed it hardly worth while to purchase an American picture. What money was spent in that way, went for "foreign gems," which were quite as often *paste* as *brilliants*, or for maps of the human face, in which the only excellence looked for was a resemblance to the original. Portrait painting became a mere caricature of prominent features—the distinguishing marks so exaggerated that no person who had seen the subject could doubt who the picture was intended for. Now we find not only a highly improved general style of portraits; but an inclination to purchase landscapes, and to order views of the picturesque and lovely bits of American scenery, which so delight the European. In a word, we are finding out that a picture entirely American, subject, artist, and all, may be as well worth our while, as views of old tumble down castles, which may be found in any print shop, or smoke dried and dirt crusted pieces of canvass which have lost all their original beauty, and are devoid of real merit, except in the eyes of those who estimate a painting by its illegibility.

In this connexion, we are prompted, not only by friendship, but by his intrinsic claim, to mention the name of an artist—still young, but sure, if he lives, to claim a proud place among his country-men. We mean Mr. Isaac L. Williams. We have not a catalogue at hand, to designate the numbers of his offerings in the present exhibition; but we are very sure that no one will visit the gallery without finding them out.

MORE MYSTERIES.

In this paper two or three weeks ago we gave an account of the attempted murder of a Mrs. Burdick, in Greene County, Connecticut. Upon the occurrence of that event Mrs. Burdick, the mother of Mrs. Burdick, expressed her suspicions that one Samuel Vars had some hand in it. A Mrs. Bolt disappeared in 1844, as is now supposed, in a somewhat similar manner, and the two affairs are considered to be connected. Still another has happened. The wife of Vars has since been seized, and an attempt made at her life, or for some other nefarious purpose. It is altogether a most curious affair. We copy from the Norwich Telegraph.

"Vars's wife is a highly respectable young woman, a niece of W. Gray, Esq.—her father is Bethel Gray, Esq.—her mother is the daughter of Herman Carter, and sister of Aaron and Herman Carter, jr., good and truth-loving citizens, all residing at Genegansett corners, about three miles west of Greene village. Mrs. V. had been staying over a week at her father's, in ill health. This Mrs. V. was on Wednesday abducted, and the particulars of her seizure, to which she has testified, are mainly as follows:

She took a case knife and went into the field, in sight of the house, to get a certain kind of bark, a constituent part of a syrup she was about to make her mother advising her to send, rather than to go, as she was unwell. Thinking the air and exercise would benefit her, she resisted the entreaties. She did not find the bark where she expected—got two-thirds of the way to the woods, was tired, and sat down on a log, facing her house, and school-house, &c., about noon. It was considerably windy, and she heard no other noise until hands were laid upon her from behind. A quilted hood she wore was wrapped tightly round her mouth, a handkerchief tied over it, and then she was hurried off by her assailants, who dragged her part of the way.

When they stopped, they bound her hands behind her, and tied another cord around her legs, over her dress—then one of the ruffians made certain demonstrations, when the other said, "Stop that, or I will split your d—n brains out," and he desisted. They then removed the covering from her mouth, and compelled her to swallow a liquid, by holding her nose and a hand over her mouth. At this time they talked of their luck in getting her—how much better than to have made the attempt the night before, &c.—one saying to the other, "Now hand over the twenty dollars." The reply she could not distinctly hear. One remarked, "We had better put her in a convent." The other said, "No—dead men tell no tales."

Before stepping down to the water, (the Genegansett,) one said, "By G—d, she shan't go with my handkerchief," he having used his own on first blinding and gagging her. They then took her's from her side pocket and adjusted it in the place of the other. On approaching the water, the one having her by the shoulders threw her from him, and she went under head foremost, the other appearing to hold on to her legs, and she thought his companion pushed him. She knew nothing after this, until she found herself on the ground, her head lying in some one's lap. She could breathe and speak, but not see. She heard but one voice after this. The man said, "If I spare you, will you tell?" She replied, "If I live to get home, I will tell how I have been used." He said it might cost his life, &c.

He then unfastened the cord with which her legs were bound. She inquired what they compelled her to swallow? He answered that it was nothing that would hurt her, *as she threw it all up!* She says she has tasted laudanum, and that this was not so bitter. He then put on her hood, backside foremost, pinned it back with several pins, very tightly—unbound her hands, and she heard him go off through the bushes. She saw neither of the men—loosened the hood and handkerchief—saw and knew the place where she was, on the bank of the stream and found her shawl, (not wet,) and the two cords, *lying there also.*

She gathered them up, and made the best progress she could to the house, something less than a quarter of a mile. The family had become considerably alarmed at her absence—which was about an hour. She entered the dwelling drippingly wet, her hair dishevelled—comb, beads, pencil and knife gone, dress torn, &c. She said, "You would not blame me, if you knew what I have suffered since I went out;" fell on a bed and swooned.

The cords are not like any known by the family or neighbors; a light linen line was used, we believe on the wrists, from the size of the wales on them. She was exhausted, but has her reason entirely. It is thought that she knows certain things that Mrs. Burdick knows, through her, but if so it has not yet been divulged, that this something (if anything) is the cause of her 'taking off.'

The citizens of Greene rallied with promptitude and proceeded to the place of the murderous assault, but did not succeed in finding the culprits. Their tracks were discovered, and two men were seen that afternoon skulking behind fences in the lots, by individuals uninformed of the facts.

Mrs. Burdick is now a maniac, and will not probably live long. Her mind now, as when sane and testifying, is on the horrible scenes of the day she was taken, gagged, and placed in the swamp to die!

No doubt seems to exist in the town where the crimes were committed, that they are in some way connected with the disappearance of Mrs. Bolt. How far, or in what way, we have no means of judging. Of one thing, after understanding the particulars of the late outrages, we are convinced, that two deliberate and premeditated attempts at murder were made. But the whole is shrouded in mystery, dark and impenetrable.

THANKSGIVING.

The worthy Governor of this Commonwealth has acceded to wishes in various quarters expressed, and appointed a day of Thanksgiving. We subjoin a copy of the official document.

PENNSYLVANIA, ss.

In the name and by the authority of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania

BY FRANCIS R. SHUNK,
GOVERNOR OF THE SAID COMMONWEALTH.

A PROCLAMATION

[L. S.] Whereas, The inestimable blessings which the abundant goodness of the Supreme Ruler of the Universe, has showered upon our beloved Commonwealth, demand our sincerest gratitude and most devout thanks.

I do, therefore, in accordance with my own feelings, and in compliance with the wishes of many of my fellow-citizens, appoint

Thursday, the 27th day of November next,

As a day of Thanksgiving, Praise and Prayer to Almighty God. Our dependence on him as individuals and as a community, is so entire, that gratitude, thanksgiving and praise are duties as delightful as they are obligatory. To unite as one people on a given day, for the performance of these duties, and, while our own affections are purified and our hearts expanded with piety, to know that at the same instant our brethren throughout the whole Commonwealth, with like feelings and with like affections, are pouring forth their devout aspirations, will give solemnity and beauty to the exercises, which we may humbly hope will be acceptable to Heaven, while peace and good will on Earth will be promoted.

Hence, I invite all the people of this Commonwealth to appropriate the day designated, as a day of thanksgiving—and recommend to all pastors and religious teachers, with their people, to assemble at their usual places of worship, and unite in expressions of gratitude to the Great Giver of all Good for the numerous blessings and favors we have received at His hands—in preserving to us our great civil and religious rights—in granting to us a season of health and plenty—in prospering our State and Nation—in crowning with success the institutions of our beloved country—in preserving to us the blessings of His revealed will—and in continuing to us the offers of mercy through the Redeemer;—and as our dependence on God is so entire that we have all to ask, and our innocence so lost that we have much to fear, to supplicate him for the continuance of these rich blessings to ourselves and posterity, and for that meekness, humility and gratitude which becomes the recipients of his bountiful Goodness.

Given under my hand and the Great Seal of the State at Harrisburg, this twenty first day of October, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and forty-five, and of the Commonwealth the seventieth.

By the Governor. J. MILLER,
Sec'y of the Commonwealth.

INVENTORS.

An Association of Inventors, for purposes of mutual encouragement, assistance and protection, has just been formed in New York. The character of the men engaged may be gathered from the annexed list of officers chosen. We cannot doubt that immense practical good, not only to the members, but to the public, grow out of this association.

President—Prof. Renwick.

Vice Presidents—Thomas B. Stillman, N. York; Col. Clark, N. Y.; Dr. Andrews, N. J.; Mr. Thomas Rogers, N. J.; Mr. M. Pierce, Conn.; Mr. Morris, Penn.; Mr. H. M'Carty, Penn.; Mr. H. Hawley, Vt.

Corresponding Secretary—L. D. Gale.

Recording Secretary—J. J. Mapes.

Mr. Day moved, that, in addition to the officers already appointed, a committee of ten be added, to constitute, with the officers, an Executive Committee, with power to act and add to their number.

The following were named as that Committee: Mr. Pirsson, Mr. R. Dawes, Mr. Gifford, Gideon Hotchkiss, Mr. Day, Mr. Eli W. Blake, Mr. R. F. Loper, Mr. Elihu Blake, David Bruce, Mr. Barnum, Mr. Mott.

The association then adopted a resolution making "The American Journal of Improvements in the Useful Arts and Sciences, and Mirror of the Patent Office,"—(a new journal to be published at Washington, by Messrs. Greer & Troup, and edited by Rufus Dawes,) their organ.

PENNSYLVANIA ELECTION.

The late election resulted in the choice of 7 Whigs and 5 Democratic Senators, which, with those who hold over, will make the Senate stand 18 Democrats, 14 Whigs, and 1 Native. The House will contain 66 Democrats and 32 Whigs. The majority of the Democratic Canal Commissioner over the Whig is something in the neighborhood of 30,000—over all others four or five thousand. The Native candidate received between twenty-two and twenty-three thousand votes, the Abolition between two and three thousand.

MRS. DARRAH.

No Philadelphian, (we hope) is ignorant of the history of Mrs. Darrah's exploit, in warning Washington, while the American Army lay at Germantown, of a projected attack by the British. The courage and tact displayed, in every way becoming a woman, since, while it saved the country it prevented, rather than caused bloodshed, indeed deserve a monument. In the "Curiosity Shop," which formed part of the attractions of the Bazaar lately held for the benefit of the Academy of Fine Arts, were some memorials of Mrs. D., to which a writer in the "Bazaar Journal" called attention.

In our glass cases, much you'll see
Of our departed history,
But that which we must grieve to own,
Is the autograph of Washington.
There you will read—with wonder too,
An anecdote, not known to few;
How Mrs. Darrah, though a woman,
Yielded in daring deed to no man;
For had she not, at risk of life
(And recollect, she was a wife
As well as mother) boldly gone
Through British posts—on foot—alone
Our army, by a ruse, decoyed,
Would, root and branch, have been destroyed.
Think of her skill—without a bribe
How she manoeuvred through this tribe
Of watchful posts—but all she passed
And got to Germantown at last.
There Washington's brave army lay
And there to him, at break of day
Reported clearly, word for word
What she at night had over-heard.
Thus, by this timely, quick alarm,
Our army was removed from harm.
Yes, but for that brave woman's act,
Who managed all with wondrous tact,
We still might all subjected be
To foreign tax and tyranny.
And yet she has not even a stone,
By which her noble worth is known.
Rise sluggish souls, and let there be
A tribute to her memory.
Ah, had it been a man! with speed
You would commemorate the deed.

ALARMING.

The liberty of the citizens is invaded. The birth right of fashion is despoiled. The comfort of the natty man is impinged; a frightful, fearful, ferocious revolution is in progress, and the Tailor's association of this city is to be admitted by courtesy, into the Association of Inventors recently organised. We cannot trust our own pen with the details of a recent development, but borrow the matter in the words of Tuesday's Chronicle. Bucks! have at ye all!

"Yesterday afternoon, a great deal of interest and curiosity was excited by the fact of a tall fine looking man, being seen leisurely promenading along Second street, wearing a coat, on the back of which in large staring gilt letters, were the words, '*Tailor's Dun.*' A a matter of course, he was the 'observed of all observers,' and a train of the curious followed at his heels, wondering at the sight, and unable to comprehend the mystery. On inquiry, we ascertained than he was employed by an association of tailors, for the purpose of collecting hopeless bills, and shaming the debtors of that ill-used race of tradesmen, into the payment of their debts. He operates in this manner when he has a bill to collect. He stops at the house of a debtor, and the large letters in his back tell to all passers by, what his errand is, and, at the same time, gives them a timely caution against trusting the occupant of the house. Any person thus harrassed would sooner pay the bill than have the Dun calling upon him continually, with the great letters upon his back. If he has a bill against a person whom he cannot catch any where except in the street, he presents his account, much to the shame of the debtor, who is perceived and shunned by every one as a person not to be trusted. The 'Dun' appears to be a determined man, possessed of the greatest *sang froid*, and not to be frightened at trifles. Those who owe tailor's bills had better take warning and pay them immediately, or the 'Dun' may give them a call."

STREET BEGGARS.

The evils of street-begging have long been a subject of newspaper comment and habitual conversation. It seems hard to deny to an applicant the small relief of a penny or two; and yet the donor can but feel more than suspicious, in many cases, that he is performing a very doubtful act of generosity, which may, in the end, result in real evil not only to a single individual, but to a large class, and to the whole community.

One of the best steps which have been taken toward the alleviation of this evil, has been commenced by the Christian House Missionary Society. They furnish *tickets*, to be presented to applicants for alms, and to other needy persons. These tickets, presented according to the direction, will insure examination into the case of the sufferers, and permanent relief, if he be really indigent and helpless; while, on the other hand they will tend to the detection and discouragement of imposture. We would bespeak the attention and countenance of all the humane for this truly praiseworthy association; and assure them that their bread cannot be thrown in the waters under better direction.

UNWILLING RECOGNITION.

It is stated that a police officer of New York, a couple of weeks since, arrived at St. Louis, quite a crowd being at the time collected at the landing. As soon as the officer put foot on shore, several persons who were standing in a crowd, took to their heels and run—some up Broadway—some up the river—some down, in any way to make themselves scarce. After shaking hands with a friend, the officer enquired if there were no city officers there, and added:—"Every one of those persons who ran away are notorious pickpockets, thieves and robbers, from New York, London, &c. Their faces are familiar to me as any of my friends."

We find this statement in the papers without any mark of its origin; but will wager a button that it originated not in a St. Louis, but in a New York paper. The ingenuity of the penny-a-liners in the latter city, in getting up puffs for all sorts of things from white mice to pie-bald politicians, is past belief or calculation.

FRANKLIN INSTITUTE.

The exhibition of manufactures by the Franklin Institute, in the Chinese Museum, has attracted a large number of gratified visitors; although, in many respects it must be conceded, to have fallen very far behind former exhibitions. There was an absence of many attractive and showy articles which formerly filled a prominent place; and in many of the staple manufactures, in which we have heretofore noticed a progressive improvement, it appears as if, this year, a stand still had been reached.

A practical gentleman suggested to us as a satisfactory reason why the exhibition was deficient, that our manufacturers and others have been too closely engaged in business to attend to furnishing articles for exhibition. There is probably much in this, and we accept the omen as indicative of a state of real prosperity and productive industry, more gratifying than any exhibition however splendid it could be, if got up in the abundant leisure of "hard times."

PHILADELPHIA SAILS.

Maule's horizontal cut sails, of which we spoke some month since, now bids fair to be soon in general use. Those who have tested them assert that they more than meet their utmost expectations. The Wheldon Pilot boat now wearing a new suit works to windward like a sea gull. Formerly the sailor would speak of a sail as "setting flat as a board," but now the saying has become "as flat as Maule's." Mr. Maule keeps a large number of hands employed constantly, and is obliged to have two separate lofts or working rooms. Gen. Patterson himself was never a greater lion than was the vessel named for him the day she hoisted her sails to satisfy the curious.

PHILADELPHIA SACRED MUSIC SOCIETY.

The managers of this popular association announce that their first concert of the season will be given in the Musical Fund Hall, on Thursday evening of next week. The services of Miss Julia L. Northall, of New York, have been secured for the occasion. This lady vocalist is young, pretty and interesting and has created a most decided sensation in her native city. The music-loving people of this city are quite anxious to hear her performances, and we confidently anticipate a crowded house on Thursday next.

The Society will give four concerts during the season. Terms of subscription $5 per annum, which entitles the subscriber to one gentleman's and two ladies' tickets for each concert.

PENN. SYNOD.

The Pennsylvania Synod (New School) met at Lewistown, Del., on Tuesday evening week. The Rev. Thomas Brainard preached the Synod sermon on Wednesday evening, and was chosen Moderator for the next year. Great harmony characterized all the proceedings. The third Presbytery of Philadelphia, having become too large, was divided. Strong resolutions were adopted in favor of Delaware College, which is under the patronage of the Synod. The members spoke in high terms of the hospitality of Lewistown. They reached here on Friday evening week.

A FISH STORY.

According to the Bangor Whig the potatoe disease which prevails to such an alarming extent in England, has communicated to the herrings and other fish. The herrings must keep out of the potatoe fields, then, if they do not wish to take the infection. Well behaved fish would know better than thus to expose themselves.

UNION OF LABOR.

The utility of what is usually called *division*, but might better be termed union of labor was well illustrated in a lecture recently delivered before the London Royal Institute. The lecturer stated that a watch consists of 992 pieces; and stated that 42 trades, and probably 215 persons are employed in making one of these little machines. The iron, of which the balance spring is formed, is valued at something less than a farthing; this produces an ounce of steel worth 4d, which is drawn into 3,250 yards of steel wire, and represents in the market £13, 4s; but still another process of hardening this originally farthing's worth of iron, renders it workable into 7,650 balance springs, which will realize, at the common price of 2s. 6d each, £946. 5s. the effect of labor alone. Thus it may be seen that the mere labor bestowed upon one farthing's worth of iron gives it the value of £950, 5s., or $4,552, which is 75,960 times its original value.

THE NORTH AMERICAN.

This journal has been purchased by Messrs. G. R. Graham and Alexander Cummings, who will edit and publish it as an independent periodical, with opinions of its own upon all subjects, but without the control or bias of party. The spirit and liberality of the new firm—both experienced gentlemen—their knowledge of what such a paper should be, and their determination to carry out the enterprise, cannot fail to give the North American a high rank in the daily press.

BAD FOR THE TARTS.

The fires in the West Jersey Pines last summer, cut off the cranberries on hundreds of acres—so that not a berry has been seen this season in a space of fifty miles, where large and profitable crops have been gathered in years past. Young plants are shooting up again, however. And there is also the consolatory reflection that acres—aye miles—of cranberries are ungathered in New England. So, Mrs. Caudle, don't despair.

GREAT ROBBERY.

A trunk, stolen from the Railroad Depot, at Rochester, last week, from the agent of one of the expresses, contained money to the amount of sixty thousand dollars, in Western, Eastern and Northern bills. The Buffalo Pilot has traced out losses to the amount of $23,751, sustained in that city. The heaviest sufferers are, R. H. Seymour & Co., $10,000; O. Lee & Co., $3,700; A. D. Patchin, $2,800; American Exchange Bank, of New York, $2,000; and various lesser sums.

MEXICO AND TEXAS.

Late dates from the army in Texas contain no other than the agreeable news that the troops were well, with nothing to do, and no prospect of any thing.

From Mexico we hear of efforts to operate against Texas, quite as little likely to result in any thing as previous endeavors.

A GOOD VARIETY.

The Preston (Eng.) Chronicle mentions a variety of apples, which it thinks is highly deserving of being more cultivated; it is a good bearer, and large, and keeps well for two years plump and sound, and excellent to the last, and of great value in seasons when no other is to be had for tarts or sauce. It is called "the 730 days bearer." Phoebus, what a name.

FROM OUR OWN Correspondent.

FOREIGN GOSSIP.

Fashions—A Sensible Woman—Sewing Girls—General Tom Thumb—A Rival, smaller than the General—The Hutchinsons in Liverpool—Forrest—New Opera—New Irish Comedian—Amateurs—War Preparations—New Shell—News from Switzerland—France and Spain—Pugilism—Duelling—Deaths in High Places—Editors in the National Councils—Railways—Pacific Steam Company—Iron and Iron Ships—Miscellany.

Bristol, England, October 3, 1845.

It is probable that your lady readers will not object to learn something of the Parisian Fall Fashions. They are rich and splendid, glowing and gay with colors. For the morning toilette, rich *damasquene*, covered with stripes and autumnal foliage. Also robes of *Chine Bayadere*, with lilac stripes the reverse way, being hidden at the lower part of the dress by large bouquets stamped on the damask. Sometimes *gros de toure* with transverse satin stripes. Green *reps* for Court, with very broad stripes of a darker green—and leaves of sycamores in *taffetas*. Rose-colored, blue, white and yellow taffetas are used for walking dresses, and among the novelties is a Silesian *taffetas*, woven with silk and wool, and superior to all others, and the silk and wool is so well woven together, that it is not liable to fray or draw out. The Silesian is crossed with transverse stripes of a darker color than the material itself. *Cardeline* or *Torsades de soie*, are in great favor, the stripes descending in length instead of across the dress—and altogether strikingly elegant. Handsome velvets are worn in all kinds of dresses, as well as velvet ornaments. Autumn ribbons are of gorgeous colors, with narrow velvet stripes, and autumnal flowers are the chief ornaments of bonnets.

Among the leading fashionables of Paris, is Madame L——, who is famed for her benevolence, and a sentiment of hers is becoming much adopted in the higher circles. A few days ago one of her friends rallied her for what was called the extravagant custom of always buying things without attempting to cheapen. "Oh! my dear," replied Madame L——, "think a little of these poor young women that work—they have no pleasures—how, then, can you attempt to cheapen their laborious work?" It is to be hoped that it will soon be the fashion to ameliorate the condition of milliners' apprentices, journey-women and sewing girls. They literally work day and night for a mere pittance, to the destruction of their health and the weakening of their minds and intellects. There is not a class of the community more oppressed, not a class where the benign hand of modern reform is more imperatively required. Two, three and four o'clock in the morning are the common hours at which they retire to a feverish attempt at repose, to resume their monotonous toil at six or seven o'clock—and all to enable a few thoughtless and giddy women in the higher circles, to dazzle the Court or the ball-room in the *ton-ish* season of the year.

There is an odd story in the French papers, to the effect that "General Tom Thumb" has been stolen away by banditti near Nantz, and that his little Generalship has not been heard of since. The affair is so gravely told that it is impossible to doubt its authenticity. Meanwhile a rival Thumb has gone forth to the wonder-loving world, from a village near this city, and he is both smaller and older than the original "Tom." What a gullible animal is the public! The Hutchinsons (American vocalists) are giving concerts at Liverpool. They are very highly spoken of. Forrest, your American tragedian, has been acting at Manchester with unprecedented success. The large theatre there was crowded to overflow every night of his engagement, and he was hailed with thunders of applause. Drury Lane is to open with a new opera by Adolphe Adam, called the "Enchantress;" and W. Wallace is about to produce another. At the Haymarket, W. Hudson, an Irish actor after the manner and style of the lamented Power, is quite a favorite; and an amateur performance, by *real* ladies and gentlemen, has taken place at Miss O'Kelly's elegant little theatre—the audience being invited, and the theatre filled by Douglass Jerrold, Mark Lemon, C. Dickens, and other writers and proprietors of the "Punch" newspaper. Macready is playing at Liverpool, and we have lots of foreign fiddlers, pianists and singers coming over from France, Germany and Italy. Their name is Legion.

Passing from the stage to the real theatre of life I take occasion to regret the tragic preparations that are evidently making for that most tragical and criminal of all human actions—war! Sixteen new line-of-battle ships are to be immediately commenced, and ten new frigates, all to be built with a steam-screw-propeller. Tenders for the machinery are to be advertised, but all other parts of the labor are to be effected in the Dock-yards, where, according to the *Hampshire Telegraph* (a great naval paper) several hundreds of additional and skilful artisans are to be employed. Meanwhile, Captain Billette, of the French Navy, has invented a new shell which will set any ship on fire that it strikes. By the way, seven men and boys were killed by an explosion at Woolwich the other day, while preparing shells; and I notice in the French papers, that 200 soldiers, under the command of an Austrian officer, perished by the fall of a bridge near Belluno, in Italy. The obstinate brute of an officer insisted upon his men marching over in a body, although warned of the danger.

We have news from Switzerland of the discovery of a conspiracy or secret association organized in Germany, for the overthrow of religion, the spread of atheism and the assassination of Kings. But it is supposed that the press in which the account appeared (the Swiss Courier) must have been imposed upon. It is thought, however, that the death of Louis Philippe will be the signal for a dreadful outbreak. In Spain too, much political intrigue is on the carpet which may end seriously. The marriage of the young Queen of Spain with a French Prince is the object—the Duke of Nemours has been lavish in his presents to the Spanish Court and officers, but the Spanish people say that such a match would render Spain a mere French Province.

M. Thiers, Ex-Minister of France, has been at Madrid, where he refused to accept apartments in the hotel of the French Minister—but it is thought that notwithstanding this refusal, his journey had a secret object. I am glad to see that war on a small scale—that disgraceful relic of Roman Amphitheatre, prize-fighting—is about to be discouraged. The brutal battle for the championship of England, between Caunt and Bendigo, has excited such indignation and abhorrence, that even Bell's Life in London—a great sporting paper—has avowed its resolution of being no longer an advocate for such ruffianism. At Calcutta, Mr. Wilson and Lieutenant Tulloch fought a duel a short time since, when the latter, who had previously horse-whipped his antagonist, was killed. Both were of good families—and gaming and drinking were the incentives.

Death has been holding his court among the distinguished. Royer Collard, one of the ablest orators and most celebrated writers of France, a man who had lived and taken part in both the great revolutions of that country, died a few days ago. The Right Rev. Dr. Law, Bishop of Bath and Wells, and an eminent divine, was carried to the grave last week. Davis, the editor of the "Dublin Nation," and a man of extraordinary talent, has been snatched away at an early age by the grim King of Terrors, and Miss Lawrence, a wealthy lady of Yorkshire, has left behind her legacies to the amount of £145,000, chiefly to charitable Institutions. Talking of legacies left by people of the north, reminds me of Mr. Arkwright, (whose father once shaved men for a penny a piece) who had an income of £450,000 a year, and who left to his heirs no less than £10,000,000 sterling. So much for cotton! It is feared that the Empress of Russia will not long survive. She has gone to Sicily for her health—most probably to die. Dr. R. Kemp died at Truro on Monday, of apoplexy, produced by the excitement he felt at a public meeting—in the midst of which he fell a corpse!

The editors of newspapers, both in England and France, are brought out by the people as their representatives. In Paris, the conductors of the leading public journals are members of the Chambers; and in England, the leading proprietors of the Times, the Morning Chronicle, the Weekly Chronicle, the Morning Herald and those of several of the provincial papers, are members of Parliament. Well—better so than so many lawyers, of whom the people are beginning to get a little tired.

Our Railway Companies are still dipping their hands pretty deeply into the pockets of the people, the rage for railway speculations being as great as ever. One paper suggests that the whole of Leeds be converted into offices for share brokers, and that a new town be built near it for the manufacturers and traders. By the way, the Pacific Steam Company have just concluded a contract with the government, to cross the Isthmus of Panama with the mails, to be brought thence (from Chagres) to Southampton by the West India Steamers. The world is full of changes—but nothing promises a greater change in shipping, than iron, of which metal, both sailing and steam-ships as well as houses, are in process of construction in all directions. I perceive that Hodgson of Liverpool, is now building a large new iron ship, of 1,200 tons burthen, to ply as the first of a new line of packets between that port and New York, another as a packet to Rio Janeiro, and a third for Buenos Ayres and Montevideo. The quantity of iron already bespoken and wanted for new railroads, amounts to the trifling quantity of 1,060,000 tons! Surely the "iron age" is about to be restored, though speculators evidently regard it as the "golden age." Alas! it is likely to prove as fleeting and transitory as the "golden age" of the poets. But enough of chit-chat, for once, and I will conclude my rambling letter by informing you that we expect singular news from the far north—for about a fortnight since the Orkney Islands were covered with showers of ashes, which appalled the inhabitants, and which can only be accounted for by the supposition that there has been a terrific eruption of Mount Hecla, which is nearly five hundred miles distant from the northern Scottish Isles.

Foreign Intelligence.

ARRIVAL OF THE GREAT WESTERN

SEVEN DAYS LATER.

Rise of Bread Stuffs—Famine in Russia—Slaughter in Africa—General Disastrous Intelligence.

The Great Western arrived at New York, on Monday evening, bringing news seven days later than that received by the Hibernia. The general character of the intelligence is indicative of much distress in Europe, from various and dissimilar causes. We have seldom seen one week's news so full of gloomy circumstances. The details and particulars will be found under their separate heads.

ENGLAND AND SCOTLAND.

Extensive floods, causing much damage, have occurred in the north of England and Scotland. Much corn which remained in the field was carried away, as also sheep and cattle; some lives were lost.

In relation to the harvest, it is now ascertained that the yield will be indifferent, and this combined with the failure of the crop on many parts of the Continent, from which Great Britain has in former years drawn a large portion of its supplies, cannot fail to send the price of "bread stuffs" up to a higher figure than they have yet seen. The potato crop has failed generally, but in England the injury is less extensive than was feared. Turnips which with us may be considered a mere condiment, or garnish, are in Great Britain an important article of food, and we regret to notice that this crop also is threatened with a distemper, resembling the potato disease.

It is noted as a singular fact that fatal diseases are prevalent amid fish, flesh, fowl and vegetables. Cattle have long been afflicted with a distemper which has destroyed numbers; grouse have died in hundreds of some malady, which has been variously described; and the murrain amongst potatoes has destroyed the crops over a great portion of Europe. It is now stated that a plague of some description has broken out amongst the fish in rivers, numbers of pike, eels, and other fish being found dead, or dying, on the surface of the water.

War with America, on account of Oregon, a matter which never reached the head of the Texas fever, has almost ceased to be thought of. America is rather looked to as a source of supply for food for the people than as an enemy.

The Quarter's Revenue in the Customs shows a decrease of a million sterling, and an increase in the Excise of about £60,000. In the Post-office there is also an increase, and the Stamps and Taxes yield a slight increase; but the amount of the Property Tax has decreased, and the Quarter's Revenue, as compared with the corresponding quarter last year, shows a decrease of about £600,000. This is a large sum; but it is accounted for by the reduction of the duty on sugar, and the small quantity of foreign grain that paid duty this quarter as compared with the same period last year.

The railway mania is at such a head in England, as to threaten a fearful crash and revulsion. During the last few months no fewer than nine "railway" newspapers have been established in England. One London leading paper receives as much in a week, for railway advertisements, as the annual salary of the President of the United States. Some of the London brokers, it is stated, now actually receive and despatch three to four hundred letters daily, in negotiating share orders. To such a pitch has the madness affected all classes, that the Bishop of Exeter has found it necessary to address his clergy upon the impropriety of engaging in it.

M. Thiers is quite a bird of passage. When last heard of he was in Spain; now, we notice, he has arrived in England.

A man named John Comstock Clinton, has been arrested in Liverpool, under the Ashburton treaty, charged with being concerned in the forgeries upon Little & Co., of New York. He is to be sent to this country for trial.

One of the manufacturing firms of Sheffield, apologizing for a customer for not having completed an order, attributes it to the injurious effects which he affirms are resulting to the trade from the railway pleasure trips and gipsy parties now so frequently indulged in.

Mr. H. K. Stimms, of Whitcombe, has invented a wheel plough for tilling turnips. It admits of a roller and harrow being worked with it, and an apparatus for drilling the seed, so as at once to complete the work.

It is intended to have sixteen line-of-battle ships, and eight or ten frigates, with screw-propellers, as block-ships for the English sea-ports.

The *British Magazine*, once a champion of the Tractarians, has turned against them, and now demands the punishment of Dr. Pusey.

There are three hundred and sixty-three Judges in the United Kingdom, whose salaries amount to £499,032 a year. England has one hundred and forty-five, Ireland one hundred and twenty-four, and Scotland ninety-four. The salaries in England are £306,976, in Ireland, £116,086, and in Scotland £76,970.

The following will be interesting to our iron manufactories:

Mr. J. J. Osborne, of Macclesfield, has patented some "Improvements in the Manufacture of Iron and Steel, and in furnaces to be employed for such or similar manufacture." These improvements consist, and, in a composition to be added to pig-iron or cast-iron, when in a melted state, consisting of 2 lbs. common salt, 2 lbs. lime, and 15 lbs. iron slag from the forge, for an ordinary charge of 3 to 4 cwt. of pig iron, the ingredients to be well incorporated, and, by means of an iron spoon, added in small quantities at a time, to the melted mass, and then stirred up. The iron is then to be puddled and heated, in the usual way of making bar-iron. For making sheer-steel, a mixture of 2 lbs. common salt, 2 lbs. quick-lime, and 2 lbs. pearl ash, or 4 lbs. carbonate of soda, mixed, and added as before, to a charge of 5 cwt. of pig-iron, melted at a white heat, 20 lbs. slag to be added.

The mass, after being properly worked, is made into balls, hammered and rolled. For cast steel the mass is treated in the same way as last described, as regards the mixture, but not puddled or balled; a blast furnace may be used. The charge being tapped, and run into a bed, for making a plate, 1½ inch thick, the slag will rise to the surface, and upon being cooled by sprinkling water, it will be easily separated when cold. The plate is then broken up, and remelted in crucibles or pots, in a blast furnace, in the following manner:—To 28 lbs. of the plate obtained as last described, add 1½ lbs. green bottle glass, 8 oz. pearl ash, or 16 oz. carbonate of soda, and 8 oz. black oxide of manganese, all to be stirred up in the melted iron; and when cast into ingots cast steel will be formed. The second part of Mr. J. J. Osborne's invention relates to the peculiar construction of a blast furnace, consisting of a furnace formed of an iron pot, 2 feet 6 inches high, and 3 feet in diameter, with 8 holes at equal distances, near to the bottom, and round the side, to admit the blast more equally. The pots are lined with fine clay, and 4 inches thick; in the centre of the pot there is a stand, formed of fine bricks, one foot high. The pot is placed within a can, made of firm iron plates, 2 feet 6 inches high, and 3 feet 8 inches in breadth, bolted together, and cemented, so as to form, with a circular plate at top, an air-tight chamber, with a space of 3 inches left round the pot. The blast is first admitted into this outer can, which forms an air chamber, by two or more openings, by which means the air is more equally distributed through the several openings into the pot.

IRELAND.

The news from Ireland presents nothing out of what has been the usual routine for the last few months. O'Connell has shown capital generalship by directing the Repealers to appropriate the celebrated Orange airs, "Boyne Water," "Croppies Lie Down," and others as "popular tunes"—thus divesting them of party character. If this decree can be carried out, much will be effected toward the participation of Ireland.

Mr. O'Connell is still haranguing crowds, and very much in the old key. His speeches attract less interest in England, and are not so fully reported. Meanwhile it is stated that a serious division is making progress between the two parties "Young Ireland" and "Old Ireland," but we cannot pretend to judge, of the truth of the report.

The Railway mania is prevalent in Ireland as England.

Upwards of twenty children were left in a dying state near Cathersiveen, in Ireland, recently by a quack impostor, who inoculated them with the small pox virus.

CONTINENTAL.

There seems to be little intelligence from France proper, but the papers and people are busily discussing the news from Algeria. Abd El Kader had re-appeared in the province, slaughtering the French without mercy, and carrying terror to the hearts of the affrighted colonists. One division of the French army has been destroyed by the fierce Arab and his followers. Paris was greatly excited by the news of this disaster.

Eugene Sue, the author of the Wandering Jew, has been formally excommunicated by the Archbishop of Lyons, primate of France.

Prince Louis Bonaparte is tired of his prison at Ham, and is said to be disposed to submit to any terms imposed upon him for his liberation. He will proceed to America, it is said.

The potato crop in the neighborhood of Paris is the finest and most abundant on record, particularly in the plains of St. Dennis, des Vertus, Nanterre, and the valley of of Montmorency.

The Epoque, formerly the Globe, states that M. Ronge, having intimated his intention of visiting France, received a communication through the French Charge d'Affaires, that he might travel through France as a private individual, but would not be allowed to celebrate worship according to the forms of German Catholicism.

The Queen of Spain is to be married to Prince Ferdinand, of Saxe Coburg.

The German States have commenced prohibiting the export of bread stuffs. The Prussian Government has prohibited the export of the potato from Westphalia and the Rhewish provinces. The potato malady has appeared in nearly all the cantons of Switzerland.

A project of convoking a general council of the clergy of all sects in Prussia, with a view of hearing their opinion on the religious questions which agitate the public in that country, is under consideration.

Accounts from Frankfort announce the arrival of M. Ronge, in that town, on the 4th ult., where he had been received with great enthusiasm by the people. He had celebrated divine service, and likewise preached in the German Catholic Church in that city.

Italy has been the scene of a slight emeute, not of much importance in itself, so much as it indicates the unsettled state of society in that land, and a certainty, at no distant day, of a terrific outburst in the Roman States.

The quantity of raw silk exported last year from the Papal States, was above 30,000 lbs., and this year's harvest is expected to yield even a larger quantity.

There is great destitution on the Russian frontier. A letter from Koningsburg says: "Hundreds of Russian peasants, driven by hunger, cross the frontier and plunder our fields. In order to prevent these acts of spoilation, the government will be obliged to station troops in that quarter. If the Russian government does not speedily come to the relief of these unfortunate beings, they will absolutely perish from starvation. They are so wretched that the parents compel the children at a very early age to quit the paternal roof and provide for themselves as well as they can."

Accounts from Constantinople to the 17th ult., mention a general belief that a second battle had been fought between the Russians and Circassians, in which the former was defeated.

New Zealand.—Sydney papers of the 3d of June contain accounts from New Zealand to the 3d of May. Another collision had taken place at the Bay of Islands between the natives and the troops, in which fifty of the latter are reported to have been killed, but Pomare, one of the most mischievous of the chiefs, had been captured, and was confined on board the Hazard, his entrenchments having been destroyed.

COMMERCIAL.

The Grain markets in Liverpool and elsewhere, are on the rise. The London market advanced considerably—nearly 2s per quarter.

The present harvest will yield indifferently, and this combined with the failure of the crop on many parts of the Continent, cannot fail to send the price of bread stuffs up to a higher figure than they have yet seen. The general failure of the potatoe crop is one of the primary elements of this upward tendency of prices. It may be observed, however, that as regards England, the disease in the potato, in many districts, has nearly disappeared, leaving only a small scab behind, which will not materially injure the properties of that valuable esculent.

The Cotton market is dull—more so than at the sailing of the last steamer. There is less business doing, and prices have a drooping tendency. The same causes are in operation to keep the market down as were previously described, nor is anything likely to revive it but the chance of a short crop.

The accounts from the manufacturing districts are upon the whole, encouraging. In the Woollen districts of Yorkshire, business is brisk, and the same may be said of the business in Manchester and the neighborhood. The price of Iron continues to advance, and on the manufactured article, the dealers in Staffordshire have demanded and obtained an extra 20s per ton, and Pigs 10s per ton.

The Produce markets generally exhibit a firm and buoyant feeling.

The rate of discount for first rate bills may be quoted at 3 per cent., with a tendency to advance. The Bank of England, however, have not advanced their rates from 2½. The business in Railway shares continues with unabated vigor, and new schemes continue to be brought out every day.

In the course of a few weeks the Bank of England will issue a new list of dividends still unclaimed, which is likely to prove extremely useful, as a long period has elapsed since this publication was last issued, and numerous additions, therefore, will no doubt be made.

Markets.—Liverpool Cotton Market.—Report for the week ending Oct. 10.—From the Circular of Messrs. Geo. Holt & Co.—We are now passing through a quiet time in our cotton market. Last week the sales were only to a moderate extent, with a loss of 1-8d on the price of American. The business of this week, however, has been more limited, giving the market a settled appearance of dulness. The extent of the coming crop in the United States is still the great point with us all. 2500 American taken on speculation, and 500 American and 300 Pernam for export. Total sales for the week are 16,750 bales.

Local Intelligence.

EQUESTRIANISM.

Gen. Rufus Welch, the prince of Equestrian Managers, is again in his winter quarters in this city, with a magnificent array of riders and of horses. His establishment is always one of the best conducted in the world, and free from the objections which are very properly made against exhibitions of the kind. The performances are of the highest character in their description of entertainment, and perfect order is maintained.

THE FAKIR.

The public's old favorite necromancer, the Fakir of Ava, has returned to town, and is bewitching, nightly, audiences with most marvellous feats and performances. How he accomplishes his feats is past understanding, although he says it is all simple enough, when you understand how. There is a neatness and dexterity about his tricks, which have never been surpassed.

Dangerous.—Many of the omnibusses now running have discontinued the attendant boy, and the driver has the whole care of the vehicle and passengers. This opens a fine opportunity for the little street vagrants to steal a ride "free gratis, for nothing;" and we are pained to notice one decidedly bad trick which the drivers indulge in. This is to strike at these boys with their long whips—and some of the blows given are really startling. The greatest danger in this practice is the loss of an eye, or other serious injury, which will be sure to occur, if the drivers do not be at least as careful of human beings as they are of their own animals. "A word to the wise," &c.

New Buildings.—There are a very large number of buildings in progress in the city and county. At one time it was apprehended that lumber would fall short, as there was not in the lumber yards sufficient of some necessary descriptions, to complete the houses already commenced. An opportune freshet in the Delaware and its tributaries removed that difficulty. The weather has been also exceedingly propitious, there having been only three or four days since the first of August when the inclemency of the weather suspended work. Rents remain high, and houses in demand.

"Sportsmen."—Every animal that can obtain possession of a gun, fowling-piece, musket, horse pistol or blunderbuss, is now running out into the fields and woods near the city, and fancying he is accomplishing a praise-worthy feat, in taking the lives of innocent creatures, which fill their places in the animal kingdom with more credit to themselves than their persecutors do.

Inconvenient.—The new Mayor of the city has decided to hold no more Sunday morning sessions, for the disposal of the watch-house cases of the night preceding. Gentlemen in difficulties of Saturday night's crop, will therefore be compelled to spend their Sundays in duress—a measure decidedly unpleasant.

Miscellaneous News.

☞ The Maysville Ky. Eagle says: "A new schooner of about 180 tons burthen, was at our wharf late on Tuesday evening week. She was built at Freedom, Pennsylvania, some 150 miles farther from the sea than the barque Muskingum, which attracted so much attention about six months ago. She is full rigged, and if we are not mistaken, out and out home-made. Her cables are of American water rotted hemp, and she is offered to be freighted with the great staple of Kentucky, on this her first voyage to New York."

☞ The Morristown Jerseyman states that a vein of coal has been discovered whilst digging a well at Mr. Nevin's hotel, in the village of Basking Ridge. The well is nine feet in diameter. On the west side the vien is ten inches in thickness, and on the opposite side, four feet, at only fourteen feet from the surface. It appears to be more of a bituminous than anthracite nature and burns with a beautiful flame.

☞ An English watchmaker named Symonds has invented a clock, the motive power of which is the dropping of water. It requires no winding up and but little attention, and is said to be a very successful experiment. This is going back; clocks were made to go by water, before weights or springs were thus applied.

☞ It is stated in the Nashville Banner that a boy picked up a beautiful stone in the Cumberland River, which however he was willing to sell for a few pennies. It proved to be a pearl, three-eighths of an inch in diameter, and weighing eighteen grains, and is estimated to be worth five hundred dollars.

☞ American Hemp is now exported to Scotland, where it is used instead of flax in the manufacture of certain kinds of goods, and where a new process has been discovered for softening the article prior to its being spun. Very fine and white goods are made of it, as well as bonnets and paper.

☞ A Charlottesville letter, published in the Richmond Whig, says that the tobacco crop in Buckingham, Amherst and Nelson counties, Va., will not exceed more than half the usual yield. Albemarle, it is also stated, will fall short one third.

☞ It is stated that from January to May, 1845, there were captured and brought into Sierra Leone and condemned, nineteen vessels, engaged in the slave trade, all under the Spanish and Brazilian flags.

☞ A wealthy German, from the banks of the Rhine, Mr. John Klinger, has purchased a plantation of four hundred and fifty acres on Allegheny river, near Kittaning, for the cultivation of the grape.

☞ Five thousand pigeons are in an open field near Portland, Maine, with their wings clipped, fattening for market. Sixty thousand will be carried to that market during the present season.

☞ The Kaskaskia, Ill., Republican states that a Boston company is about to purchase the old Academy building in that place, for the purpose of establishing a cotton manufactory.

☞ The Rolling Mills owned by Mr. Cooper, situated between the Water Power Canal and the Delaware, at Trenton, N. J., were put in operation on Thursday week.

☞ The shares in the Cunard Boston Steamers, which originally cost £1,000, sell in England at £2,000. The company invest their proceeds in new boats, &c.

☞ All the western cities complain of the unusual number of great burglaries and robberies. All the rogues have been driven from the East.

☞ This has been a great opening season for bears in Michigan. One man towards Grand Haven has killed seventeen already.

☞ It is estimated that $50,000 in wages were lost during the recent factory strike at Pittsburg and vicinity.

☞ The Catholic Cathedral, at St. Louis was robbed a few nights ago of $25, the contents of the charity boxes.

New York City.

☞ At a recent sale in New York, L. [illegible], Esq., sold in ten minutes 10,199 bags of coffee, or over 1,000 bags the minute. Can any one equal this?—to surpass it, is quite impossible.

☞ The American Institute in New York has paid over, this year, two thousand one hundred dollars in premiums.

☞ There was a short bosom on exhibition at the Fair in New York, having nearly 99,000 stitches. Price, $15.

United States SATURDAY POST.

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THOMAS SEVERN is our Travelling Agent for New York.

WILLIAM A. PIERCE collects for us in Penna.

JAMES PIERCE is our Travelling Agent in New Jersey.

E FAKIR.

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Casualties.

☞ On Tuesday night, the 21st ult., a car laden with iron was left standing on the railroad at Marietta, (Pa.) on a spot at the head of a considerable descending grade. During the night it became loose, and running down the grade, encountered a train of cars coming up on the front of which were Mr. C. F. M. Garnett, the State Engineer, and his assistant, Mr. Stockton. The collision crushed one of Mr. Garnett's thighs in a terrible manner in two places. Mr. Stockton had both his legs broken and horribly mangled, and a conductor, whose name was not learned, had one leg entirely cut off.

☞ We learn from the Fall River, Mass. News, that on Wednesday of last week, three men, David Gifford, David Gifford, jr., and Jacob Stacey were all blown up while drilling out a charge in Perry B. Macomber's well, on High street. David Gifford, jr., head and face was somewhat injured. Mr. Stacey had one leg broken, one of his fingers blown off, and one of his eyes put out!

☞ On Wednesday night week a man by the name of James Meehan, from Troy, New York, fell into a vault about ten feet deep in Pittsburg and was instantly killed, as his head was somewhat cut and his neck dislocated. The Coroner's jury brought in a verdict of manslaughter against the two contractors who had let, the vault in that exposed condition.

☞ A little girl in Massachusetts was choked to death on Wednesday week, while eating chestnuts.

☞ Three boys, John, Osceola and Tecumseh sons of Mr. T. B. Turley, Mr. John Morris and Mr. Nevill, of Memphis, Tenn., were buried alive on the 10th ult., by a part of the bluff at that place, under which they were playing, caving in upon them. They had been missed about four hours when found.

☞ We learn from the New Hampshire Patriot, that three boys, in attempting to cross the Merrimack in a boat, just above the Hooksett Falls, on Tuesday, of last week, were carried over the falls and drowned. The youngest boy was five years old, and the oldest but ten. sons of Mr. Whitney, of Hooksett.

☞ As Captain Norton, of Wilkesbarre, Penn., was standing on the railroad track, passing a load of bread to a hand in his boat, the cars started and caught one of his legs below the knee, crushing it to atoms. Amputation was performed and he is doing well.

☞ In Baltimore, on Friday morning week, a little girl about six or seven years of age, a child of Mr. John Marshall, was burnt to death by its clothes taking fire during the absence of its parents. The child's legs and stomach were burned almost to a crisp.

CATTLE SHOW.

The annual exhibition of the Philadelphia Society for promoting Agriculture took place at the Lamb Tavern last week. The attendance was very good, and the weather was clear and delightful, though tolerably sharp. The best feature of the exhibition was the sheep and swine, which excelled all former ones. The display of neat cattle and working oxen was creditable, that of horses small. The display of agricultural implements was full and interesting. The orator was Dr. George McLellan, who delivered an excellent practical discourse. The usual festivities, &c., took place to the high gratification of all interested. We subjoin a list of the premiums.

HORSES.

To the thoroughbred Horse Sir Peter Teazle, the property of Jos. H. Wallace, of Philadelphia, the award the premium of	$5 00
For the best Stud Horse, adapted to the field and road, to Comet, the property of Robt. K. Redding, of New Jersey,	5 00
For the second best Stud Horse, adapted to field and road, to John Consul, the property of Wm. Cottman, of Montgomery county,	3 00
For the best Mare, adapted to the field and road, to Victoria, the property of Robt. K. Redding, of New Jersey,	4 00
For the second best do. do., to Tippo, the property of Wm. Runyan, of Easton,	4 00
For the best Horse Colt, between 2 and 4 years old, to Bay Blackbird, the property of John Sharpless, of Delaware county,	6 00
For the second best do. do., to Grouse, the property of James Dicks, of Delaware county,	3 00
For the best Mare Colt, between 2 and 4 years old, to Miss Gip, the property of Roman J. Rubner, of Philadelphia county,	6 00

CATTLE OVER TWO YEARS OLD.

For the best Durham Bull, over three years old, to John Hunter, for Duke of Wellington, by Prince of Wales,	$10 00
For the next best do. to same person, for Bruce, by Prince of Wales,	5 00
For the best Durham Bull, between 2 and 3 years old, to Jacob Serrill, for Carbon,	6 00
For the next best, to S. S. Simmons, for Comet,	4 00
For the best Devon Bull, to R. T. Potts, for Mercury,	6 00
For the best Aryshire Bull, to David Boyd, for Rob Roy,	6 00
For the best Alderney Bull, to John R. Sappington, for Stephen Girard,	6 00
For the best Durham Cow, over 4 years old, to I. W. Roberts, for Jessie,	6 00
For the next best do. to Dennis Kelly, for Patience,	4 00
For the best Durham Cow, between 2 and 4 years old, to Dennis Kelly, for Sally Walker,	5 00
For the next best do. to George Martin, for Victoria,	4 00
For the best Heifer of mixed breed, between 2 and 3 years old, to Saml. Owens, for Lucy,	3 00
For the next best do. to Dennis Kelly, for Delight,	2 00
For the best Heifer of native breed, between 2 and 3 years old, to R. T. Potts, for Blossom,	3 00
For the best Cow of Durham blood, to Owen James, for Dumpty,	6 00
For the next best do. to R. T. Potts, for Kitt,	4 00
For the best Alderney Cow, to John Hunter, for Kitty Clover,	6 00
For the best Cow of mixed blood, to Jas. Gowen, for Miss Hannessee,	4 00
For the next best do. to Samuel Cooper, for Fair Helen,	2 00
For the best Cow of native breed, to Geo. Morton, for Fanny,	4 00
For the next best do. to Michael Daly, for Sally,	2 00
For the best yoke of Working Oxen, referred to Jos. Hutchinson and T. J. Snyder, of Montgomery county, and Dennis Kelly, also a South Sun Squash from R. Roberts, and a very neat Bee Hive, with kinds of immense size, from moths or insects, from Lemuel Lombard, Chester county.

PLOUGHING MATCH.

The first Premium was awarded the Prouty 5 1-2 Centre draught, self sharpening plough, William Hancock, ploughman.

The second to *J. B. Moore's* plough, of Wilmington, Del.

The committee awarded the first premium for the best *Ploughman*, to *Joseph C. Biddle*, of Montgomery county, and

The *second best* premium to *David Yatter* of Lower Merion.

The committee recommended a complimentary premium of $3 to the lad (George Jackson, ten years old) whose team was very creditable. The committee refer with pleasure to all the work performed by all the competitors. The ploughs of Joseph Dickinson, Chestnut-Hill—of S. I. Roberts, of Montgomery county—of Mr. Conard, of Montgomery county, and two iron ploughs, merited especial attention.

The Old World.

FROM THE NEW YORK MIRROR.

WILLIS'S LETTERS.

The Rhine is like a human life—a long chain with a few bright links in the centre—and the guide books warn you to expect nothing very attractive either above Mayence or below Cologne. The principal competition of steamers, accordingly, is between these two places—the ascent from Cologne to Mayence being a sort of New-York-to-Albany trip, only with romance into the bargain.

We left Cologne at six, and were to reach Mayence at seven, tracking on our way nearly all of the river that is familiar to us in story. But what visibly happens in a steamboat passage up the Rhine is one matter, and the hop-and-skip tramp of fancy along the shores is quite another. The two trips, though done with one ticket, are too separate to be easily mixable on paper. Which shall I describe to you? The fancy trip would be the easier and longer. The prosaic would be the less hackneyed and shorter. If the Rhine were all ink, it would hardly re-fill the inkstands that have been emptied in its scriptures. My vote is for the prosaic, I think, is to refer you to books for the poetry, and give you in my letter the prose. You see by the blots and scratches, however, that the argument between me and my pen on the subject has been lively.

We had upon our sloppy deck when we started, some forty or fifty passengers, most of them evidently travellers for pleasure. The sun had slipped into a cloud, and the Dutchers sat sleeping and trying to keep their petticoats at a dry level. Prince Napoleon sat with his legs crossed, and his elbows on his thighs, the picture of a discontented man unshaved. There was a very wretch-looking Jewish man, with two daughters, who were apparently taking their first trip after being—finished at boarding-school; there was a fat Frenchman who had evidently selected for his trip the heaviest dinner he could get on board, and a very neat Bee Hive, with kinds of immense size from moths or insects, from Lemuel Lombard, Chester county.

For the best display of Agricultural Produce, to S. Williams, of Philadelphia, county,	4 00
For the next best do., do., to do. do. Passyunk,	2 00

A sample of California Rye was presented to Dr. Meigs, President of the Society, by W. Morris Cooper, of New Jersey, which, in lightness of color and size of grain, was unsurpassed. There was also a good display of sugar beets from I. W. Roberts and Owen Sheridan, Indian Corn, from Jacob Albertson and W. Cropper, N. J. Mediterranean Wheat, Turnips, &c., from Isaac Newton. Very fine apples from C. Sharpless and W. M. Cooper. Sweet potatoes from C. H. White. A monstrous pumpkin from Benton Jones, and a neat and tasteful collection of produce from O. Hight, to whom a premium of $3 is awarded.

The following articles come too late for competition: Specimens of Indian Corn, Mercer potatoes, Turnips and Celery, from John Rothwell and T. J. Snyder, of Montgomery county, and Dennis Kelly; also a South Sun Squash from S. Roberts, and a very neat Bee Hive, with kinds of immense size from moths or insects, from Lemuel Lombard, Chester county.

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General News.

☞ The St. Louis Missourian says that wild Hemp has been found in that State. A farmer from St. Louis county being in Captain Jenks' Hemp warehouse, accidentally saw some Manilla Hemp, made inquiry what it was, and upon being informed that it was Manilla Hemp, said he had produced something exactly like it from a weed on his farm and that he would send in a sample, which he did; and it proves to be a variety of the Manilla Hemp, resembling most the New Zealand Hemp; but it undoubtedly belongs to the same genius as the New Zealand, Sunl and St. Domingo Hemp, from which all our heavy cordage is made.

☞ Two men, Quartermaster Hill and Marine Moore, deserted from the United States steamer Harney, at Mobile, on the 7th ult. A plan was concerted between the two, that while the former was on watch at night, the latter was to throw himself overboard, and when about fifty yards distant from the vessel was to call for help, when Hill was to jump into a boat and to go to his assistance, being both then clear from the steamer, in one of her boats, they were to proceed to shore. The plan worked to a charm. Neither of the men has since been heard of.

☞ The Louisville Journal says—A French cook at the Louisville Hotel, who kept a big pair of rattlesnakes in a box in his room, went to his room, on Saturday, and found one of them at large. He undertook to kill the snake with a large knife, but the reptile bit him on the finger. The Frenchman whittled his finger down to the bone, and then disposed of the pair of snakes for $8. Dr. Holland was the tasteful purchaser. We understand he intends to travel with them. The Dr. must be a man of excellent taste in his companions.

☞ The Pittsburg American says—The number of persons supported at Brady's Bend Iron works is about 1,800, including women and children. Payments are made at regular and stipulated periods, and in cash averaging about $10,000 per month. They manufacture little else than railroad iron, for which they have a constant demand. The works are now yielding a handsome profit to the proprietors.

☞ The small pox has lately broken out with severity in different quarters of Washington City. This is truly unfortunate, occurring as it does, at a season when the population of the metropolis is about to meet its annual augmentation of Representatives and strangers from all parts of the Union.

☞ The whole line of Magnetic Telegraph between Albany and Buffalo, will be completed and ready for operation, it is said, in about 30 days, by which time Albany will probably be in electric communication with New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Baltimore and Washington.

☞ The race over the Union Course, Long Island on Thursday of last week, between Fashion and Lialtumah, was won by the former in one heat by about one length. Time 7:15 1-2. Lialtumah was drawn after the heat. She was *badly commended* by the rider's spurs, and bled freely.

☞ The whole of the Safety Fund, of Vermont, has been swept off by a decision of the Chancellor it is liable to the bills of the Essex County Bank, of Guildhall, Vermont. The deceased effected claims to the amount of about $40,000. This was a heavy safety fund, certainly.

Personal News.

☞ The Grand Lodge of the Masonic Order in Louisiana, adopted at its last setting, a resolution ordaining that a solemn funeral rite be celebrated in the rooms of the Grand Lodge, on the fourth Monday of November instant, to the memory of their very illustrious brother, Andrew Jackson, deceased. Special invitations will be sent to all the Grand Lodges in the Union, as well as to the ladies of New Orleans.

☞ Frederick H. Hebard, Esq. has contributed the sum of $20,000 to the erection of a city Hospital in Brooklyn, New York. Five thousand dollars has also been contributed for the same purpose by Augustus Graham, and means are to be adopted to procure $1,000 additional for the purchase of ground on which to build.

☞ It appears by the latest accounts from Florida that Edward C. Cabell, Whig, has been elected Representative to Congress from the new State by a majority of some two hundred votes over W. H. Brockenbrough, his Democratic competitor. This is an unexpected victory for the Whigs.

☞ We notice in the New York papers, that Eugene Roussel of this city, was on Friday week awarded a gold medal, by the Managers of the Fair of the New York American Institute, for the best specimen of perfumery in the exhibition.

☞ The daughter of Baron de Dietrich, of Cousinois, is about to marry Prince Louis de Salkowski, Duke Bielitz. The bride's fortune is estimated at 200,000 francs, very nearly $[illegible].

☞ A letter from Bishop Chase, written at Bedford, Pa., on the 17th, announces his recovery from the effect of his accident, so far as to be in a condition for resuming his journey.

☞ The Virginia University was never in a more prosperous condition than now. There are 129 students now at the Institution—of these 115 are from Virginia.

☞ The Kentucky Guard arrived in New Orleans a few days since, with a load of Western produce, shipped from Louisville on his own account.

☞ Mr. E. S. Thomas, an old and respected publisher of newspapers in Cincinnati, died last week in his 71st year.

Fires.

☞ The new building, erected for the Almshouse children, on Ransteed Island, near New York, has been totally destroyed by fire, except the walls. Its erection cost between $80,000 and $90,000. The children at the Nursery Farm were to have been removed into it in a few days, and fires were kept up while from in order to have it thoroughly dried and fitted for their reception. From one or other of these fires it is supposed that the building caught. It was a large structure, with two extensive wings.

☞ We regret to learn (says the Savannah Republican of the 21st ult.) by a letter from Darien, that the residence of Mr. Alexander Mitchell, at Baisden's Bluff, (near Darien) was destroyed by fire on Friday night week, together with all the furniture. The inmates barely escaped in their night clothes.

☞ A fire in Boston, on Saturday morning, destroyed the machine shop of Mr. A. W. Cummings, in Cambridge street, the Manufactory and print shop of Bartlet and Hadlow, a small dwelling house, and a quantity of lumber.

Items of News.

☞ A painter in Connecticut, who was tired of hearing his works praised, was one day told that Judge Smith did not think very favorably of a painting of his. "Oh," said the artist, "what is his opinion good for? he isn't a judge of painting in a *Judge of Probate*."

☞ The Cincinnati Atlas says that frauds in flour have been practised in that city for several years past, by adding to the tare of the barrel. It is said that some of the best brands sold in that city by canal receipt, are not exempt from the charge.

☞ Workmen are busily engaged in cutting down the trees and clearing the brushwood from off the small mount, to give room for the basins which are to supply Mount Holly, N. J., with water. These basins are to hold [illegible] gallons of water.

☞ The Centreville (Md.) Times, of Saturday says—Large quantities of wild fowl have made their appearance in our waters. Their early visit may be indicative of a near and severe winter.

☞ In forty-two counties heard from in New York the population is now 2,214,000, against 2,047,273 in 1845. Increase in five years 167,727. Seventeen counties remain to hear from.

☞ A sweet potatoe was raised this season in Newport, R. I., which weighed, when taken out of the ground, *fourteen and three quarter pounds* and measured thirty-four inches in circumference.

☞ The editor of the Courier des Etats Unis writing from Paris, states that the first instalment on five new railway schemes in France, recently paid in, amounted to about $60,000,000.

☞ The authorities of Charleston, S. C., have set apart the 6th day of November, as a day of thanksgiving and praise.

☞ The new Methodist Episcopal Church, in Bristol, Pa. was dedicated to divine worship on Sunday the 19th ult. The dedication sermon was preached by the Rev. Dr. Kennaday, of Wilmington, Del., before a large and attentive audience.

☞ The Synod of New York and New Jersey appointed a committee to consider the propriety of sending delegates to a Convention of Protestant Christians throughout the world, to be held in London next June.

☞ A letter from Halifax, N. S., says that potatoes are selling there for fifty cents a barrel—but they are pouring in from all quarters and prices must fall. The crop in Nova Scotia is large.

☞ A snake has been found in North Carolina, having a head where his tail ought to be—both ends were ornamented with heads. This tale is doubted by some of our contemporaries.

☞ The "Pearl Street Dry Goods Store," at Norwich, Connecticut, was broken open and robbed on Wednesday night week, of about $2,500 worth of silks and fine goods.

☞ A Vermont merchant came to Boston last week to sell his fall supply of butter—ninety tons! Pretty well for a single trader, in a small town among the mountains.

☞ The English Ambassador at Constantinople, Sir Stratford Canning, has at length succeeded in obtaining a firman or permission to build a Protestant Church at Jerusalem.

☞ Only six executions, it is stated, have taken place in New Hampshire, since 1623. The "Old Granite State" is one of the most moral and correct in the Union.

☞ Governor Owsley, of Kentucky, has issued a proclamation appointing Thursday, the 20th of November, as a day of Thanksgiving in that State.

☞ The delivery of tea in London in one week was 501,500 lbs.

Domestic Happiness.

CURTAIN LECTURES.

MRS. CAUDLE SUSPECTING THAT MR. CAUDLE HAS MADE HIS WILL, IS "ONLY ANXIOUS AS A WIFE TO KNOW ITS PROVISIONS."

"There, I always said you'd a strong mind when you liked. Caudle, and what you've just been doing proves it. Some people won't make a will because they think they must die directly afterwards. Now you're above that, love, aren't you? Nonsense; you know very well what I mean. I know your will's made, for Scratcherly told me so. What! You don't believe it? Well, I'm sure! That's a pretty thing for a man to say to his wife. I know he's too much a man of business to talk; but I suppose there's a way of telling things without speaking them. And when I put the question to him, law yer as he is, he hadn't the face to deny it.

"To be sure, it can be of no consequence to me whether your will is made or not. I shall not be alive. Mr. Caudle, to want anything! I shall be provided for a long time before your will's of any use. No, Mr. Caudle, I shan't survive you and—though a woman's wrong to let her affection for a man be known, for then she's always taken advantage of—though I know it's foolish and weak to say so, still I don't want to survive you. How should I? No, no; don't say that. I'm not good for a hundred—I shan't see you out, and another husband too!—What a grim idea, Caudle! To anyone I'd ever think of marrying again. No, never! What! *That's what we all say!* Not at all; quite the reverse. To me the very idea of such a thing is horrible, and always was. Yes, I know very well, that some do marry again,—but what they're made of, I'm sure I can't tell! Ugh!

"There are men, I know, who leave their property in such a way that their widows, to hold it, must keep widows. Now, if there is anything in the world that is mean and small, it is that. Don't you think so, too, Caudle? Why don't you speak. love? That's so like you! I never want a little quiet rational talk, but you want to go sleep. But you never were like any other man! What! *How do I know?* There now,—that's so like your aggravating way. I never open my lips upon a subject, but you try to put me off! I've no doubt when Miss Prettyman speaks, you can answer her properly enough. There you are again! Upon my life, it is odd, but I never can in the most innocent way question that person's name that I thought fit to *not about!* I'm sure—with all my heart! Who wants to talk about her? I don't—only you always will say something that's certain to bring up her name.

"What was I saying, Caudle? Oh, about the way some men bind their widows. To my mind, there is nothing so little. When a man forbids his wife to marry again without losing what he leaves—it's as bad as I call selfishness after death. Mean to a degree! It's like taking his wife into the grave with him. Eh? *You never want to do that?* No, I'm sure of that love; you're not the man to tie a woman up in that manner. I say, suppose a man who'd two, would have his widow burnt with him, if he could—just as those monsters, that call themselves men, do in the Indies.

"However, it's no matter to me here you've made your will, but it may be to your second wife. What? *I shall never give you a chance!* Ha! you don't know my constitution after all, Caudle. I'm not the woman I was. I say nothing about you, but very often you don't know my feelings. And as we're on the subject, dearest, I have only one favor to ask. When you marry again—now it's no use your saying that. After the comforts you've known of marriage—what are you sighing at, dear?—after the comforts, you must marry again—now don't forswear yourself in that violent way, taking an oath that you know you must break—you could not live single. I'm sure of it; and I know better than you know yourself. Well, all I ask is, love because it's only for your sake, and it would make no difference to me then—how should it—but all I ask is, don't marry Miss Pretty—. There! I've done! I won't say another word about it—but all I ask is, don't. After the way you've been thought of, and after the comforts you've been used to, Caudle, she wouldn't be the wife for you, of course. I would then have no interest in the matter—you might marry the Queen of England, for what it would be to me then—I'm only anxious about you. Mind, Caudle, I'm not saying anything against her; not at all; but there is a flightiness in her manner—I dare say, poor thing, she means no harm, and it may be, as the saying is, only her manner after all—still, there is a flightiness about her that, after what you've been used to, would make you very wretched. No, for it I may boast of anything, Caudle, it has been my propriety of manner all my life. I know that wives who're very particular, aren't thought as well of as those who're not—still, as in very little to be virtuous, people don't seem so. And virtue, Caudle—no, I'm not going to preach about virtue, for I never do. No, and I don't go about with my virtue, like a peacock *and it's* That's nothing to do with it—you've just as good as said it. No, when a man leaves all his property to his wife, without binding her hands from marrying again, he shows what a dependence he has upon her love. He proves to all the world what a wife she's been, to him, and how, after his death, he knows she'll grieve for him. And then, of course, a second marriage never enters her head. But when she only keeps his money so long as she keeps a widow, why she's encouraged to take another husband. I'm sure of it, many a poor woman has been driven into wedlock again, only because she was spited into it by her husband's will. It's only natural to suppose it. If I thought, Caudle, you could do such a thing, though it would break my heart to do it,—yet, though you were dead and gone, I'd show you I'd a spirit and marry again directly. Not but what it's ridiculous my talking in such a way, as I shall go long before you, still, mark my words, and don't provoke me with any will of that sort, or I'd do it—as I'm a living woman in this bed, I'd do it.

"Well, and contradict her," says Caudle, "but suffered her to sleep in such assurance.

DYSPEPSIA.—This distressing complaint is a weakness of the digestive organs, and like every other disease, is caused by impurity of the blood. The gastric juice, a fluid peculiar to the stomach, when secreted from bad blood, is deficient in those wonderful solvent properties which are of such vital importance to digestion. Consequently, the food, instead of being speedily dissolved, also becomes absolutely spoiled or putrified in the stomach, hence bad breath, sour belching, costiveness, pains in the stomach, cholic, dysentery, cholera morbus, and other dreadful complaints.

Dr. Jayne's Indian Vegetable Pills are a certain cure for Dyspepsia, because they cleanse the stomach and bowels from all bilious humors, and purify the blood. Four or five of said Pills, taken at night on going to bed, will in all cases give some relief, and if continued for a short time, will not only make a perfect cure of Dyspepsia, but will generally drive pain or distress of every description from the body.

It should also be remembered that a man by the name of Wm. M. Spear, who sells medicine purporting to be Indian Pills, at the corner of Ridge and Front streets, is not an agent of mine, neither can I guarantee as genuine any that he has for sale.

The public are also informed that medicine purporting to be improved Indian Pills, made by one G. B. Smith, and sold about the country by different persons, are not the genuine Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills.

The only warning against imposition is to purchase from authorized agents only, or at the office and general depot, No. 169 Race Street, Philadelphia, or at the office, No. 193 Tremont street, Boston, and No. 408 Greenwich street, New York. WILLIAM WRIGHT.

ONLY GIVE IT A FAIR TRIAL.—We ask no more of any one, than to give DR. JAYNE'S EXPECTORANT a fair trial, and if it does not cure the various diseases for which it is recommended, sooner or at most effectually than any other medicine that has ever been offered to the public, the proprietor is willing to undergo any penalty, however severe the public may see proper to impose upon him. It will cure Coughs, Colds, Asthma, Bronchitis, Bleeding from the Lungs or Throat, Whooping Cough, Croup, and a very large majority of the most hopeless cases of CONSUMPTION, when physicians and their prescriptions fail to do any good. Again we say, only try it. It will not harm you, but it must and will do you good. Prepared only by Dr. D. JAYNE, No. 8 South Second street, Philada.

RHEUMATISM, GOUT, AND TIC DOULOUREUX.—A respectable gentleman called at our office, as he said, to inform us that he had been afflicted for fifteen years with Rheumatism, or Gout, and occasionally with Tic Douloureux; that he has been frequently confined to his room for months together, and often suffered the most intense and excruciating pains, but lately he had procured a bottle of Jayne's Alterative, from which he found the most signal and unexpected relief. He says he found the medicine very pleasant and effective, and that he now considers himself thoroughly cured.—*Spirit of the Times.*

"THE GOODNESS OF GOD."—Lord's day morning at 10 o'clock, and 3 in the afternoon, there is preaching on the subject of the *Pleading Bride!*, lying at the wharf below Walnut street. Subject for the afternoon—"*The Goodness of God.*"

The Markets.

SALES OF STOCKS.

550 shares Wilmington R. R. v. & P.	18
400 do. Girard Bank, b5	9
$ 500 State 5's,	75
$2000 Reading R. R. 6's, 1850,	68
$2000 Texas Treasury Notes,	104
$3000 Reading R. R. 6's, 1850, c5	68
$400 Commonwealth, 1836	103
$300 Reading R. R. b5,	20

PHILADELPHIA MARKET.

Ashes and Beef without alteration since last week.—*Coal*—Anthracite firm with a good demand, several cargoes bituminous sold at 21a26 cts. *Coffee*—The market about stationary; we notice the arrival of two cargoes in all 5700 bags Rio and Laguayra just commenced landing, sales of 1,000 bags from the former at a price not public, supposed 7½c, on the usual credit. *Cotton*—Since the close of last week there has been more demand from spinners, and prices have somewhat stiffened, particularly for finer grades, which are very scarce; the steamer's news received is rather unfavorable; sales to the extent of 300 bales are reported at 6½a6½c for small lots uplands and New Orleans, on the usual terms. *Fish*—No alteration in the prices of mackerel since our last review.—*Flour*—There is no arrival of foreign and no stock in market. *Flour and Meal*—At the close of the week we left the market for flour in a very quiet state, parties generally waiting further intelligence from England, and prices were nominally $5.50, although sales were made in several instances at an i tem, embracing about 1500 bbls, ordinary brands, at $5.37½, and a lot of 1000 bbls as reported to have been taken since, at $5.50—the late news by the Great Western just received is of a character likely to stiffen the market; transactions have for city use at $5.37½a5.75 for common and good brands. Rye flour is quoted taken on arrival at $3.75. Corn Meal—Several small sales of Pa. at $2.87½. *Grain*—There has been an active demand for wheat, and most of the arrivals have been taken up at rather improved prices, say 90a92c for good Pa. reds, 115a120c for good and choice white, and 110c for southern, including two or three lots on private terms. Rye is quiet, we quote southern 65c., Pa. 72a75c. Corn is rather lower, sales of several lots southern yellow at 61a62c, white 57a58c; and Pa at 61a62c. Oats in demand—sales of good southern at 38c. *Seeds*—Cloverseed sales of Pa. at $4.87½. *Grass

Selected Poetry.

[illegible]

THE FISHERMEN.

BY J. G. WHITTIER.

Hurrah! the seaward breezes
Sweep down the bay amain;
Heave up, my lads, the anchor!
Run up the sail again!
Leave to the lubber landsmen
The rail-car and the steed;
The stars of Heaven shall guide us,
The breath of Heaven shall speed.

From the hill-top looks the steeple,
And the lighthouse from the sand;
And the scattered pines are waving
Their farewell from the land.
One glance, my lads, behind us,
For the homes we leave one sigh,
Ere we take the change and chances
Of the ocean and the sky.

Now, brothers, for the icebergs
Of frozen Labrador,
Floating spectral in the moonshine,
Along the low, black shore!
Where like snow the gannet's feathers
On Brador's rocks are shed,
And the noisy murr are flying
Like black scuds overhead;

Where in mist the rock is hiding,
And the sharp reef lurks below,
And the white squall smites in Summer,
And the Autumn tempests blow;
Where through grey and rolling vapor,
From evening unto morn,
A thousand boats are hailing,
Horn answering unto horn.

Hurrah! for the Red Island,*
With the white cross on its crown!
Hurrah! for Meccatina,†
And its mountains bare and brown!
Where the Caribou's tall antlers
O'er the dwarf wood freely toss,
And the footstep of the Mickmack
Has no sound upon the moss!

There we'll drop our line and gather
Old Ocean's treasures in,
Where'er the mottled mackerel
Turns up a steel-dark fin;
Where'er the brown cod glideth
Amidst his scaly clan,
We will reap the North-land's harvest,
As her reapers only can.

Our wet hands spread the carpet,
And light the hearth of home;
From our fish, as in the old time,
The silver coin shall come;
As the demon fled the chamber
Where the fish of Tobit lay,‡
So ours from all our dwellings
Shall frighten Want away.

Though the mist upon our jackets
In the bitter air congeals,
And our lines wind stiff and slowly
From off the frozen reels;
Though the fog be dark around us,
And the storm blow high and loud,
We will whistle down the wild wind
And laugh beneath the cloud.

In the darkness as in daylight,
On the water as on land,
God's eye is looking on us,
And beneath us is His hand!
Death will find us soon or later,
On the deck or in the cot;
And we cannot meet him better
Than working at our lot.

Hurrah!—hurrah!—the west wind
Comes creeping down the bay,
The rising sails are filling—
Give way, my lads, give way!
Leave the coward landsman clinging
To the dull earth like a weed—
The stars of Heaven shall guide us,
The breath of Heaven shall speed!

* An Island of red sand-stone in the Magdalen group.
† "Our next harbor was Little Meccatine. There the mountains were more lofty, and the moss less beautiful. Near us was a rock two thousand feet high, which we ascended, and saw from the summit a chain of mountains and an interminable series of lakes—a wild and impressive place."—*Notes of Audubon's Voyage to Labrador*, 1833.
‡ Tobit viii. 2 Apoc.

From the Monthlies.

FROM THE LADIES' NATIONAL MAGAZINE.

THE VICTIM OF PRIDE.

BY MRS. P. W. CAROTHERS.

It was twilight. The soft rose clouds of evening had faded to a silvery grey, a light dew was cooling the sultry air, the hum of the bee was stilled, and a profound repose brooded over the scene. A young girl sat in the stoop of a farm-house of small dimensions in New England, and, save the tapping of her foot upon the floor, there was nought to break the quiet solitude of the "gloaming," as the Scotch poetically call the evening hour.

But there was no quiet in the bosom of the solitary girl, but rather the raging of a volcano, when all should have been calm as the surrounding scene, pure as the vault above.

A light footstep on the green sward announced the approach of some one, and a tall figure stooped beneath the arching vines that crossed the little porch and took a seat beside the girl, who shrunk back into the furthest corner from his approach.

"How is this, Hope, I thought you wished to see me. I came by your own appointment, and yet you give me no welcome—nay! you shrink from me as if my presence was detestable."

For several minutes Hope sat with her hands tightly pressed over her brow, and answered nought to the calm, passionless address of her lover, for such *had been* the young man who sat beside her. Slowly Hope withdrew her hand and raised her head, but had there been light enough to have marked the lustrous flashing of her eye—the deep crimson of her brow, the most unpractised observer would have felt that something more than maidenly shame had sent that current of warm blood to color the temples that usually threw back a halo of light from her white brow. But a demon had taken possession of that young heart, and henceforth would be quenched forever the light of life.

Henry Thornton drew closer to her side, and though unable to comprehend the deep emotions that convulsed every pulsation of the delicate wrist he held, yet he felt sorry for the girl he had trifled with, and tried to console her for what he imagined would be but a temporary grief.

"Dearest Hope," said he in the softest accents, "dearest Hope, believe me if I were old enough and rich enough to please myself in the choice of a wife, I would prefer you to the whole world, and with pride and pleasure would exhibit my New England beauty to my southern relations. But I am not of age, and were I to marry it would break my mother's heart, and my father would not hesitate a moment to turn me penniless in the world, and a pretty figure I should cut among you Yankees with a wife and no means to maintain her, and I am sure I should never learn to 'shift along,' as your brother calls living by one's wits; and as for labor, I am certain I should starve at it."

There was a curl of scornful irony around the lip of Hope as she listened to the frank expression of the southern student of his inability to maintain a wife.

"And this then is the end of your immortal passion," said she in deep, bitter ironical tones—"this the end of your eternal constancy."

"Nay! Hope, what *could* you expect from a boy of twenty?"

"Truth and sincerity," she abruptly interrupted. "When you proffered me your heart I frankly gave you mine in exchange, before I knew how worthless was the thing for which I had bartered it. That knowledge came too late to save the profanation. I had loved with all the depth and strength of woman's love, and though the idol was but gilded dust, yet it had received the holiest offering of life. I can never offer the desecrated affections of that heart at another shrine. Henceforth they remain locked in the profoundest depths of silent sufferance, and no man shall ever stir a thrill of agony in my desolated heart—but think not I forgive the evil thus wantonly inflicted! *You*, Henry Thornton, scorn me. *I*, a poor laborer's daughter, you deem too low to share the lofty lot that fortune and not your own merits has called you to, and you, the owner of broad lands and numerous slaves, blush at loving the poor New England maiden; but I will live to prove your evil genius. I sent for you to tell you this, to tell you how profoundly I hold in contempt your silly prejudices of rank and birth, and how easily I could mould you to my will did it comport with that will to chain my destiny to the cold, selfish, soulless being who could win the heart of a lowly maiden and then throw it by like a plucked weed. I sent for you to receive my parting vows of constancy. Yes! you will think of me bitterly hereafter, when the hollow world has lost its gloss, and true hearts are far from you. Then you will wish you had been a lowly laborer with one devoted friend, rather than the gilded mirror of fortune. Farewell—we will meet once more, and only once—but that will be in after years. Go"—as she spoke she extended her hand to Thornton, and as he took it he remarked it was icy cold, and a slight shudder thrilled his nerves at the contact, but ere he could speak she had withdrawn it and vanished into the house. For some time the youth sat absorbed in a deep reverie, and his feelings appeared painfully excited, for the full moon was shedding her mellow light full upon his features, and the shadows that crossed his usually joyous brow told of a strong mental conflict. Starting up he called "Hope," first in a low, then in a louder key, but receiving no answer, he passed into the dwelling. It seemed that his search was ineffectual as his calls for issuing from the low, trellised door of the stoop with compressed lips and frowning brow, that the clear moonlight plainly revealed, he made a hasty retreat from the farm-house, his tall figure occasionally emerging from the shaded lanes into the open meadows, as he took the most direct road to the town.

The father of young Thornton had sent him while quite young to an eastern college, and every season he returned home to his delighted parents improved in mental as well as personal graces. Rich, high bred, and somewhat remarkable for superior abilities, it never occurred to the father that his son could form a connexion without the pale of that aristocratic circle in which he was born, and so thoroughly imbued was the son with the prejudices of caste that he never anticipated danger in wooing the beautiful cottager. And when his father wrote him word for the first time to remain in the vicinity of the college during the vacation, as he and his mother were absent from home, he merely regarded it as a good opportunity to pursue an idle flirtation. And yet Thornton was an honorable minded young man, and intended evil least of all to the innocent girl whom he so much admired, but with the thoughtlessness of youth he paused not to consider whether he might not [illegible] the beautiful butterfly he was pursuing.

[illegible] on horseback, he was caught in a thunder storm, and his horse proving restive, the father of Hope invited him to take shelter with him and his wife in their barn. [illegible] Thornton was glad [illegible] of copper and a keg, and the beauty of Hope proved an inducement to linger as long as the [illegible] able to the farmer's consent to induce them to invite a return. Thornton soon discovered that they were fond of gunning, and he had the best rifle in the world—fond of fishing, and his coat tackle he brought from the south he must show them. In short a wonderful sympathy in tastes was discoverable in the young southerner and the Yankee boys—and Thornton took care to make his visits welcome alike to the old and young. With proverbial shrewdness the father soon [illegible] to mark the glow of admiration and pleasure that marked the approach of his beautiful daughter in the expressive face of the stranger, and he permitted his hopes for her worldly advancement to silence the low whisper of wisdom, that would have told him she could never be happy among the proud relations of the rich southerner. Soon the tale of love was poured into ears that had never stooped to listen to another. Very beautiful and very gifted, Hope had many admirers, but no lovers, and his were the first tones of passion that had thrilled the latent chords that were doomed to give one wild gush of music, and then be stifled forever. His manly beauty and finished grace of manner excited her warmest admiration. His poetic fervor and cultivated intellect had awakened her fancy, and his delicate tenderness subdued her to the fondest devotion. She loved him with a depth of idolatry that colder natures could not understand, and that almost startled its object. But there was much wanting about the beautiful rustic to fix the fastidious fancy of the high bred boy. True, she was lovely as a poet's vision, but then he daily saw her performing the most menial offices in her father's household, and it caused him to feel a secret disgust, so much are we the slaves of early education. About this time too he received a letter from a cousin, a very gay, but a very heartless girl, who was a perfect votary of fashion. She had been his occasional playmate in childhood, and still corresponded with her rich relation. She wielded a pen of most unsparing satire, and this time she attempted to amuse Thornton by a burlesque description of a marriage between one of their old friends and a modest country girl, whom he had chosen in preference to her own ladyship; it had been whispered among her friends. So that as it may, she rendered the affair supremely ridiculous in the eyes of a boy who had not yet learned to brave the arrows of ridicule, and from that hour his passion for Hope ceased. Whenever he remarked, and henceforth he was keen to remark, any of those *gaucheries* that a young rustic commits so unconsciously, a deep blush would suffuse his cheek, and the image of his own elegant and dignified mother would loom up before his imagination in terrifying vividness. Hope, with the intuitive delicacy of perception that marks a loving woman, soon learned to *feel* when his eyes suddenly shaded, and in the very humility of love she strove to please until the very exertion became distasteful to its object. With the most acute sorrow Hope marked the phases of his cooling regard; she had to disbelieve the evidences of her own senses, and hoped that it was the very strength of her own passion that caused her to distrust his. Thus the summer wore away, and autumn with its golden sunlight and rich fruits came on. A nutting party of neighboring boys and girls had been made, and Thornton chose to join them. They repaired to the skirts of a wood where the hazel copse was showering its brown treasures upon the checkered green sward, while the tall forest trees which the vine had climbed to its topmost boughs, afforded a shade beneath which the company and happy young people were seated after the walk. There was a pretty young girl among them about Hope's age, whose silly jealousy of Hope's superior beauty had ever made her an unpleasant companion, and on this evening in the very caprice of youth Thornton selected this girl from the rest, and while the rest of the party were gaily nutting among the bushes, they sat apart, and the low, modulated tones of the southerner, and the sly yet triumphant glances of the girl at once betrayed to Hope that he was trifling with her. This was too much for her proud nature. "He would betray another fool," she muttered to herself. She closed her eyes and tried to clear the mists of passion from her mind, while she looked back through the few blissful months of her past existence, and strange to say she was startled by remembering now, for the first time, that he had never wooed her for his pride—never named her in conjunction with the wife of his manhood. "Have I been but the toy of his leisure to be abandoned when his love wavers?" she bitterly thought; but Hope's quiet manner precluded any observations from her companions, and she compelled herself to wear her usual demeanor. From that hour the demon of Pride entered the heart of Hope, and to its promptings she sacrified herself.

Years passed, and Colonel Thornton had won high rank on the battle grounds of his country. Civil honors flow rapidly upon a military chieftain in republics, and they came thick and fast to him, but his fine business talents vindicated the partiality of his countrymen, and he became as great in the council chamber as in the ranks of war. Caressed, adulated, rich and powerful, what more was necessary to make life happy? Yet why does he lean his head on his hand even while the eyes of beauty are gazing down on him, while music is filling the air, and the voice of flattery has scarcely ceased its whisper? Why does he shade his eyes and look out into the calm moonlight? In the camp, in the hall, in the saloons of fashion, evermore one pale cheek rose to his fancy—eyes into whose depths he could gaze down and find no guile were beaming upon him with true and undying love. Col. Thornton was a bachelor, and ladies had ceased to consider him a subject for speculation.

It was twilight at Venice. Gray mists were shrouding the marble palaces in sombre folds. The Gondolier's song was silent, and he lay lazily stretched along the steps to the palazzo, or rested upon his oar, for it was yet too early for the swarms of human creatures that live abroad at night. A lady sat in one of those upper balconies that overhung the canal. Her dark eyes were fixed on vacancy, and the shadows that played over the expressive features denoted deep passion. But soon her mood changed, the bitter and rueful expression ceased to curl her lip—tears began to flow—low and convulsive sobs shook her whole person, and she seemed abandoned to a perfect paroxysm of grief.

One by one the lights began to gleam upon the water, the front of the splendid palaces that reared their proud walls over the glassy pavements became illuminated, and music began to steal along the air. The sons and daughters of pleasure were in pursuit of their idol, and noise and gaiety succeeded the few tranquil minutes of twilight. The attendants of the lady came to summon her to the bath and toilette, and in an hour all traces of sorrow were effaced from the features that had so lately writhed in agony. Rather above the ordinary stature, an imperial majesty of mien distinguished her from others, and but for the soft and gentle expression of her lustrous eye one would have felt awed rather than pleased by her exquisite beauty. The ever changing expression of her countenance bewildered those who did not know the beautiful, gifted, more than half crazed improvisatrice, the Marquise Bellini.

The rooms were crowded as the fair improvisatrice passed timidly at the entrance, but it seemed that anxious eyes were watching her approach, for the Prince P——, the noblest in the throng, pressed eagerly forward to receive her, and as she slowly promenaded the apartments leaning on his arm, his features expressed the deep witchery of her power over him. At length she paused beneath the dazzling light shed from a magnificent chandelier in the centre of the room. Her face had become animated, the rays of light streamed down on her head and shoulders, revealing their matchless proportions, and the long shadowy tresses sparkling with gems, while her sable robes contrasted vividly with her white arms and brilliant complexion—a complexion too variable to be supposed the creation of art. The prince was bending forward in an attitude of supplication, and gently pressing her toward a temporary throne of cushions piled in the centre of the apartment. The guests left the tables of chance, and the promenade to crowd around them, and even the music had ceased so intent were they upon this new source of amusement. The marquise threw around one proud, triumphant glance, and permitted the prince to seat her, while he whispered some word of passionate entreaty in her ear as he sank at her feet in a recumbent posture on the cushions by which she ascended. A murmured, plaintive sound arose that thrilled into articulate expressions, and the improvisatrice in the pure and poetical Italian of her own clime, was giving one of those wild bursts of romance an American so little comprehends.

That night the prince had received as his guests some distinguished foreigners who were visiting the south of Europe, and among them the American Ambassador to Paris. He had seen at Rome one of those gifted women, but she was neither young nor beautiful, and the wondrous charm that fascinated his gaze on her radiant countenance, her rich crimson lips, her white pearly teeth, her snowy skin, and above all, her lustrous eyes, so touching in their passionate darkness, was altogether new. He had marked her entrance, and the devoted regard the prince had continued to bestow on her, while conversing with an English lady, to whom he had been presented; and he had enquired of her who was the beautiful creature with whom he had appeared so enamored, and her reply was only calculated to excite instead of allaying his curiosity.

"The beautiful creature! yes! the Improvisatrice Marquise Bellini is beautiful that is certain—but her manner tells she is not beautiful always. See you not that she is old—and then how large a hand!" The minister started at this remark.

"Oh! but madam, *that* appears her only personal defect, and to you, who are accustomed to see always such delicately moulded fingers," and he gallantly glanced at the shrivelled hands of the English woman, "it must be a glaring one."

"Oh! that is not her *only* defect, I assure you, they do say," and here she lowered her voice—"they do say she is half crazed. She is the richest widow in Venice, and were she not an Italian——"

"Are you sure she is an Italian?" and the ambassador's eyes followed the lovely marquise in that abstracted sort of gaze in which the memory of some object is mingling with the present.

"Quite sure, for Prince P—— himself told me she was a native of Italy, and he is good authority, for you see evidently he is her lover." The word lover sounded harsh in the minister's ears, and he too became absorbed in listening, for now arose the clear silvery tones of the Improvisatrice as the wild [illegible] of her brain found utterance, now describing the sudden and brave love in the first glow of [illegible] love, awakening sighs in the [illegible] breast of Theodry. The soul-stirring appeals of patriotism [illegible] the youth from his [illegible] to gird on the sword, and [illegible] the battle, the [illegible] in the [illegible] [illegible] by pilgrimage and rich offerings from an old shrine of Thessaly, the classic home of [illegible]. The [illegible] the battle—the [illegible] the captive [illegible] loss of all but the loss of her lover, and seeking him on the battlefield with woman's constancy and devotion. His escape to the old scenes of Thessaly, and her imprisonment in the Turk's seraglio. Her liberation, after refusing to exchange the object of her love for the imperial lion, and her wonderous and perilous journey, now reposing beneath the blood skies of Greece, in the open fields, and then in the rude tent of the soldier, protected by the impassable purity of consecrated love. And now the maiden gains, after long toils, the first sight of her lover's home—she sees him entering the threshold—her weary limbs receive fresh impulse—soon the reward of her constancy will be won—she springs forward, she enters his dwelling—a young matron rocking a sleeping infant meets her glance. At that moment the Improvisatrice bent forward, her eyes sparkling, her whole face rigid, and the gleaming of a dagger she held aloft as if personating the enraged murderer. She was in the act to wreak vengeance on her perfidious lover, when her eyes suddenly met those of the ambassador, who had pressed forward as if under the power of some irresistible influence until he touched the cushions on which the prince reclined. In a moment her arm relaxed and dropped powerless by her side; her bright complexion faded to a [illegible] hue, and as the prince bore her from the [illegible] into the air her eyes were fixed in a long gaze upon the American. Her exit was attributed to the perfection of her art in acting, and the listeners drew a long breath and smiled as they applauded the exertion of her genius. That night came fantastic visions to the tortured brain of the minister. Some old memory of wrong identified him with the perfidious Thessalian when he slumbered, and when he awoke as tantalizing images rose before him as ever mocked the desolated heart. Hope, young and devoted, came before his fancy, he saw her in all the perfection of her unrivalled beauty and her devoted truth, he listened to the soft accents of caressing fondness she had poured into his young ear. How that ear had thirsted since for those fond tones. Then arose the brilliant vision of the Improvisatrice in all the majesty of her beauty and her genius, and her long passionate gaze as the prince bore her away. Why were her eyes thus fastened on his with such a soul-searching glance? He rose and walked his apartment, and his will by a strong effort dispelled the frenzied chimeras of his fancy. But his mood was stern, though calm, and he was tempted to doubt the means by which he had sought happiness in life.

The two succeeding days were given to visiting the palace of St. Mark, the old den of torture, where fiends in men's likeness appeared—the spires—the churches—the works of art—the bridge of sighs—but nowhere did he meet any one who named the Marquise Bellini, and some inexplicable feeling sealed his own lips from making the enquiry. No longer able to bear the oppression and indefinable emotion he entered a gondola, and desiring the gondolier to row slowly past the Bellini Palace, he wrapt himself in a cloak, and with a hope he scarcely dared own to himself he stood up to gaze at the latticed windows of one of the oldest, but most magnificent buildings in Venice. He had past in the twilight and was now returning slowly, his head raised to look up, when a slip of paper came fluttering from a casement, and a white hand drew back the blind that had for an instant unclosed. The gondolier caught it ere it touched the water and handed it with a smile to the American. With a burning cheek he read,

"If Henry Thornton desires an interview he will be received at the Bellini Palace."

Instantly desiring to be landed he ascended the steps, and was admitted by a venerable looking domestic whose antique air was in keeping with the exterior of the palace. He silently ushered him through a long suite of rooms, and in the farthest that seemed to be furnished something between an oratory and a library, sat a woman on a low stool, whose black robes and long curling tresses so completely enveloped her whole person, that Thornton paused lest he was mistaken in supposing it a living creature. The servant closed the door, and still she stirred not, if woman it was. Thornton turned as if meditating retreat, when she slowly raised the veil of clustering curls that had fallen over her recumbent face and looked up at him. The wax tapers that burned upon a shrine of the Virgin dimly lighted the apartment, and the paleness of the marquise gave a spiritual hue to her features as she gazed so mournfully up into Thornton's face, the tears slowly dropping from the long lashes upon her colorless cheek. Amazement for a minute robbed him of all power of utterance, but the next he lay at her feet, abandoned to the transporting assurance that Hope, his own Hope and the Improvisatrice were one.

Pass we over the first hour of their interview in which Thornton, in the strong eloquence of that passion that had now burst to flame from the long smouldering ashes of concealment, gave utterance to all his hopes, his plans and his wishes, and in which Hope had explained to him the change that time had wrought—how she, a motherless maiden, had been induced to accept the offer of a lady going to Europe to take charge of her children. That in the character of governess she had seen the old Venetian noble at her protector's house. Interested by her story that the American lady had told him and by her extreme beauty, he had offered to wed her and give her a home and a fortune. His amiable temper, his benevolence and tenderness had won her gratitude, and with devoted fidelity she became his companion, his nurse, and his friend, and in return he had left all of his estates that were not legally the inheritance of his heir at law to her.

"Thus I am rich and of high rank, and still beautiful," concluded Hope with a faint smile, as she shook back the silken tresses from her white neck. At that moment the clock of St. Mark struck, and starting up she exclaimed, "I vowed but to indulge one hour in seeing, in hearing you, Henry Thornton the hour will expire in a few minutes. Listen, but do not interrupt me. I was very sinful when you left me abandoned to all the wretchedness of disappointed love—I swore bitterly to be avenged. My vow is recorded and cannot be recalled. For this purpose have I lived—have I dragged on years of anguished regret, despising the tools that flattered, and fearing the good who approached me, knowing the evil passions that disappointment had engendered in my heart. I sought consolation in religion as taught in the creed of my New England forefathers, but it came not for sighs or prayer. I abjured it—I sought forgetfulness in the adulation of the noble and gifted, but it fled me—my guilty vow rose ever before me. Then I prostrated myself in the very abandonment of isolated misery at the footstool of the Catholic faith, and unbosomed myself of the burning thirst of vengeance that lay festering at my heart. I prayed for *this* hour, and it is granted me. We part to meet no more—my vow is fulfilled—wish you not in this hour that you had been born a peasant so that you had kept faith with me."

In vain Col. Thornton implored her to save herself and him the misery of a life of separation; in vain he urged her to forgive his youthful error. Gazing on him as she clasped her hands, while drops of agony burst from his brow, with a cold smile she gently withdrew her hand and raising the drapery behind him passed from his presence.

In a month all Venice was flocking to see the beautiful Marquise Bellini take the veil. In consideration of her ill health and her riches the noviciate had been waived, and she was to become a nun of the order of our Lady Clare. By the rails of the altar stood a cloaked cavalier, accompanied by Prince P——, and when the long silken tresses were cut from her head he stretched forth his hand to receive them, and hastily leaving the church, was no more seen in Venice.

Our Scrap Book.

A NOCTURNAL SKETCH.

[The curious lines which ensue are from the pen of the late lamented Thomas Hood. Most bards find it sufficiently difficult to obtain one rhyming word at the end of a line, but Hood secures three, with an ease which is so graceful as it is surprising.]

"Even is come; and from the dark park, hark
The signal of the setting sun—one gun!
And six is sounding from the chime, prime time
To go and see the Drury-Lane Dane slain,
Or hear Othello's jealous doubt spout out;
Or Macbeth raving at that shade-made blade,
Denying to his frantic clutch much touch;
Or else to see Ducrow with wide stride ride
Four horses as no other man can span;
Or in the small Olympic pit, sit split
Laughing at Liston while you quiz his phiz.

"Anon night comes, and with her wings brings things
Such as, with his poetic tongue, Young sung;
The gas up blazes with its bright white light,
And paralytic watchmen prowl, howl, growl,
About the streets and take up Pall-Mall Sal,
Who, trusting to her nightly jobs, robs fobs.

"Now Thieves to enter for your cash, smash crash,
Past drowsy Charley, in a deep sleep, creep,
But frightened by policemen B 3 flee,
And while they're going, whisper low, 'no go!'
Now Puss, while folks are in their beds, treads leads,
And sleepers waking, grumble, 'Drat that cat!'
Who in the gutter caterwauls, squalls maule!
Some feline foe, and screams in shrill ill-will.
Now bulls of Bashan, of a prize size, rise,
In childish dreams, and with a roar, gore poor
Georgy, or Charles, or Billy, willy nilly;
But nurse-maid in a night-mare rest, chest press'd,
Dreameth of one of her old flames, James Games,
And that she hears—what faith is man's!—Ann's banns,
And his from Reverend Mr. Rice, twice, thrice;
White ribbons flourish, and a stout shout out,
That upwards goes, shows Rose knows those bows'
woes."

☞ A down-east chap, walking with a lady, accidentally stumbled and fell. The lady, thinking to commiserate his mishap, observed that she "regretted his unlucky *faux pas*." "I didn't hurt my fore paws," he replied, "it was my knee."

☞ A travelling dentist left his creditors in a fashionable watering place, the following cheering announcement on his door: "Dr. M—— is gone to London to *stuff* the *Royal* Family."

☞ Why is a butcher the likeliest of all others to become insolvent? Because he keeps so much dead stock on hand.

THE AUTUMN LEAF.

[illegible]

Lone trembling one!
Last of a summer's race, withered and sere,
And shivering—wherefore art thou lingering here?
Thy work is done.

Thou hast seen all
The summer flowers reposing in their tomb,
And the green leaves that knew thee in their bloom,
Wither and fall!

Why dost thou cling
So fondly to the rough unsightly tree?
Has thou existence light like the [illegible]
Thou faded thing?

The voice of Spring,
Which woke thee into being, ne'er again
Will greet thee, nor the gentle Summer rain
New verdure bring.

The zephyr's breath
No more will wake for thee its melody;
But the low sighing of the blast shall be
The hymn of death.

Yet a few days,
A few faint struggles with the Autumn storm,
And the strained eye, to catch thy trembling form,
In vain may gaze.

Pale Autumn leaf!
Thou art an emblem of man's mortality;
The broken heart, once young and fresh like thee,
Withered by grief.

Whose hopes are fled,
Whose loved ones all have dropped and died away,
Still clings to life—and lingering, loves to stay
About the dead!

But lo!—e'en now
I hear the gathering of the Autumn blast:
It comes—thy frail form trembles—it is past!
And thou art low!

☞ "The promises are broken," as the gentleman observed to the returned bill. "Droop not yet," as the dandy said to his shirt collar. "I'll come to thee when daylight sets," as the lamplighter said to the lamp.

Choice Selections.

PASSING UNDER THE ROD.

The following lines are from the pen of Mrs. M. S. B. Dana, and were founded on the following passage of Jewish history:—

"It was the custom of the Jews to select the tenth of their sheep after this manner. The lambs were separated from dams, and enclosed in a sheep cote, with only one narrow way out; the dams were at the entrance. On opening the gate, the lambs hastened to join the dams, and a man placed at the entrance with a rod dipped in ochre, touched every tenth lamb, and so marked it with his rod, saying—Let this be holy."

Hence says God, by his prophet, "I will cause you to pass under the rod."

I saw the young bride, in her beauty and pride,
Bedecked in her snowy array,
And the bright flush of joy mantled high on her cheek,
And the future looked blooming and gay;
And with woman's devotion she laid her fond heart
At the shrine of idolatrous love,
And she anchored her hopes to this perishing earth,
By the chain which her tenderness wove.
But I saw when those heart-strings were bleeding and torn,
And the chain had been severed in two,
She had changed her white robes for the sables of grief,
And her bloom to the paleness of woe;
But the Healer was there, pouring balm on her heart,
And wiping the tears from her eyes,
And he strengthened the chain he had broken in twain,
And fastened it firm to the skies.
There had whispered a voice—'twas the voice of her God—
"I love thee, I love thee!—*pass under the rod!*"

I saw the young mother in tenderness bend
O'er the couch of her slumbering boy,
And she kissed the soft lips as they murmured her name,
While the dreamer lay smiling in joy.
Oh, sweet as the rose-bud encircled with dew,
When its fragrance is flung on the air,
So fresh and so bright to the mother he seemed,
As he lay in his innocence there!
But I saw, when she gazed on the same lovely form,
Pale as marble, and silent, and cold,
But paler and colder her beautiful boy,
And the tale of her sorrow was told.
But the Healer was there, who had smitten her heart,
And taken her treasure away;
To allure her to heaven he has placed it on high,
And the mourner will sweetly obey!
There had whispered a voice—'twas the voice of her God—
"I love thee, I love thee!—*pass under the rod!*"

I saw when a father and mother had leaned
On the arms of a dear cherished one,
And the star in the future grew bright in their gaze,
As they saw the proud place he had won;
And the fast-coming evening of life promised fair,
And its pathway grew smooth to their feet,
And the star-light of love glimmered bright at the end,
And the whispers of fancy were sweet;
But I saw when they stood bending low o'er the grave,
Where their hearts' dearest hope had been laid,
And the star had gone down in the darkness of night,
And joy from their bosoms had fled.
But the Healer was there, and his arms were around,
And he led them with tenderest care,
And he showed them a star in the bright upper world—
'Twas *their star* shining brilliantly there!
They had each heard a voice—'twas the voice of their God—
"I love thee, I love thee!—*pass under the rod!*"

PHYSIOGNOMY.

[It strikes us that there is a great deal of point and truth, in the following remarks, which we find in the Paris correspondence of the Newark Daily Advertiser. The writer had been visiting the *Depot de Condamnes* in Paris, and makes the following remarks, suggested by the appearance of the convicts:]

A most sorry sight are these convicts, especially as I saw them on entering the court, where they were altogether, spending their hour of recreation in promenading. As confinement here—with hard labor, and in many cases for life—is the highest punishment, next to death, pronounced by the law, I was of course surrounded here with a very choice collection of miserable wretches. All persons are aware of the endless variety in human faces, though few rarely think of the cause, or perhaps, without troubling themselves much about it, carelessly take it for granted, that they are such as nature gave them. A grievous mistake, as it appears to me—for look upon it in a more transcendental light—if it is not heresy to write the word. I deem the face to be the window, through which the spark of divinity shines out, which animates the man. The idiot is senseless, and accordingly his inexpressive features hang down with gross stupidity, giving no tice to all that the ethereal tenant is no longer there. More particularly still, a man's character may be very well read in his countenance, and all the better, for its being strongly marked; and this is vastly preferable to feeling for it, like the phrenologists, through thick masses of hair lying unequally over the cranium. It is also much more convenient, natural and useful. It might with good reason be expected, that men should be endowed with the ability to judge in some way of the qualities of one another, for self defence, if for no other reason. Through what avenue so natural and easy could this important knowledge be transmitted, as that of sight, the chancel of so large a proportion of our other information? But if the precious intelligence must be derived—or not at all—by first making one self master of another man's caput, how obviously may the revelation be withheld by merely defending the citadel from capture. In that case the excellent direction in the cook book for boiling a turbot is in point, "first catch the fish!" On the contrary, if we have need in our intercourse with the world to know the real characters of those we meet, it is philosophical to infer, that the means afforded us to obtain the information will be adequate to that end. They must therefore be susceptible of rapid application because the occasions for their use are sudden, unexpected, and often transitory. They will neither admit delay, nor submit to machinery, which would be quite as much out of place, as a slate, and book of arithmetic, to help one's reckoning in the market.

But the muscles of the face, we know, are common to all, and give it its expression. Every man possessing similar muscles, can express the same emotions, though nature seems in many instances to have been in merry humor, when she put together some features of hideous size and form. These may be so frequently called into action by particular passions and emotions as finally to stiffen into their permanent expression like the corporal members of a Hindoo devotee. The cunning rogue and daring cut-throat cannot help hanging out upon their fronts infallible signals of what they are; but yet they try to wear a mask, as natural as possible, to render that equivocal at least, which they cannot entirely conceal. Under these dubious colors multitudes in all the professions and crafts of life continue to sail along the stream, better in the fog than in broad sun-light; their actions contradicting their pretensions; and both believing their real characters and deceiving their patients, their flock and their clients. But such "wolves in sheepskins" are not often very dangerous beyond a limited gullible circumference; they are "known and read of all men" of the world outside of that charmed circle. We see in the wild Indian, who is uncontaminated by his fatal scourge—the white man—unequivocal traits of his real disposition playing on his copper countenance.

The intention of this digression is to add a feature or two of the picture of the vicious men who thronged around us in the court, in number about 500. Here were housebreakers, burglars, murderers, assassins, specimens in short of every shade of crime that darkens the face of society. While the jailor left me alone to search for a key, I amused myself with the comfortable reflection, that if one of these miscreants should happen to desire the diversion of striking me on the head, of stabbing me to the heart, what was there to restrain him from such an indulgence? Not fear certainly, if some people may be believed, whose humanity to the convict is cruelty to the victim, for he is now condemned to the worst species and highest grade of punishment in their opinion within the rightful power of man to inflict—exclusion for life. I could read robber and cut-throat on the countenances of nearly all, as they passed me with scowls of anger or hatred, because I was free, and they themselves were irrevocably chained.

SABBATH SONNET.

BY E. J. EAMES.

Blessings, a thousand fold, be on this day,
Regenerating gift from God to man,
A golden interval of time, a ray
Of light, that like the Promise Bow doth span
The changeful Heaven of Earth's poor toiling creatures,
Whose daily life in hurrying cares is spent—
Thanks that one day in seven, a blessing tenders
Their inmost hearts. The All-Beneficent
Cares for Man's better nature, and has given
This Sabbath rest to lead his thoughts to Heaven;
Myriads of thanks for this divinest gift
For this perpetually recurring day—
Wherein both rich and poor—hand, free, can lift
Their hopes above this fading world, and stay.

Beloved.

THE MILITIA.

We publish the following special address, taken from an Albany paper, delivered by a militia captain to his company, at the last general review, for the edification of those who are fond of *treason*, and would ask a *careful perusal* of the same:

Friends, Countrymen, and Sodgers!

"Tention Squad!" This is a great country, and has got a tarnal start among the white nations and injuns of the airth. What makes it great? What does the conglomerated elementums of its greatness cum from? I answer—just bring your right toes into line, Sargent Smith—I answer in a voice of harsh thunder—*The Militia!*

—Stop your darn'd cheering, men; don't applause at my eloquence, for you'll put me out, if you do. Yes! the militia. Take *that* away, and there aint nothin left. The militia is the bone and gristle of the country. It locks bolts and bars the gates of creation, and stands sentinel on the tallest ramparts of Nature's dominions. This Republic would be a miserable concern, but for the militia. It keeps the ardent sperrits of military effulgence in a glow of Icelandic intensity. I'm attached to it, myself. I think its rich. The system can't be bettered. Folks call it a farce. *I* don't see nothing to laff at in it. It's a plaguey solemn piece of business, when you come to bug down to the naked reality on't. 'Taint everybody that can put on the regimentalities, and look like old Mars, the god of war, with a decided touch of Julius Justus Brutus Bonaparte thrown in for effect. No, sir-*ee!* There aint a bigger or more important critter afloat than a live militia ossifer, all rigged in the full extouterments of glory, with stripe to his breechaloons, epolets piled up on both shoulders, brass buttons from head tew foot, silver stars shinin in the tails of his coat, a cap and plume on his head, and a drawed sword in his hand. Sich a site's enuff to make fallen men and women think better of his specie! 'Tis indeed!

I believe the preleocent delirium of this destined Republic is centred in its militia. It can't stand without it. With it, its motto is, "Divided we stand, united we fall!"

—Stop cheerin'—you put me all out—

General Washington belonged to the militia; so did Sirpio Africane-us; so did Bonyparte;—so did that old Wamigoth that ravished Europe and burnt its fences and its stone walls; and so also, sodgers, do *I!*

I believe if all out doors should bust threw the paramourality of the animal economy, and slide down the greased plank of ancestral delinquency ker slump into the broad Savannars of smilin' land of asses milk and untamed honey, that nothin astir could pact 'em out but the Militia! That ar a fact! Three cheers for the Militia in ginerel, and the 9999th Regiment in particular. Sodgers! ground arms!

Who's afraid? What's Mexiko, Kaliforniko, and Oregon? Who's *skeered* of *them?* Sodgers! The mortal 9999th can thrash the life out of that are yaller, half Spanish varmint, that Mexico, any mornin' afore breakfast. Our motto is, "*Liberty and Death, one and forever, one and inseperable.*" Whoery for Mexas! Down with Texico! Let's lick her!

A PORTRAIT.

A painter, the other day, as I am assured, in a country town, made a great mistake in a characteristic and it was discovered by a country farmer. It was the portrait of a lawyer—an attorney who from humble pretensions had made a good deal of money, and enlarged thereby his pretensions, but somehow or other not very much enlarged his respectability. To his pretensions was added that of having his portrait put up in the parlor as large as life. There it is, very flashy, and very true,—one hand in his breast and the other in his small clothes pocket. It is market day; the country clients are called in—opinions are passed (the family present,) and all complimentary,—such as, "Never saw such a likeness in the course of my born days: as like on as he can stare." "Well, sure enough, there he is." But at last there was one dissentient! "Taint like—not very—no, 'taint," said a heavy, middle-aged farmer, with a rather dry look, too, about the corners of his mouth. All eyes were upon him. "Not like! How not like?" exclaimed one of the company, and who knew the attorney,—"say where it is not like?" "Why, don't you see," said the man, "he has got his hand in his breeches pocket. It would be as like again if he had his hand in any other body's pocket!" The family portrait was removed, especially as, after this, many came on purpose to see it; the attorney was lowered a *peg*, and the farmer obtained the reputation of a connoisseur.—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

THE MOTHER AND CHILD.

A DOMESTIC DREAM.

'Twas dear, indeed, to watch those two,
The mother and her child;
And note their gentle playfulness,
And then her chidings mild;
And how she oft would kiss her boy,
With mad and fond delight,
And press him closely to her breast,
That blue-eyed little sprite!

And how he'd softly pat her cheek,
And kiss it o'er and o'er;
While she, that fair young mother, there,
What bliss would she have more?
With a sweet pledge of wedded love!
A link within that chain,
Which binds two willing souls in one,
In hope and joy the same!

Oh! it's a cheerful sight, I ween,
To see two thus at play—
The mother and her cherub babe—
With hearts so light and gay!
We all have known a mother's care;
We all have felt her kiss;
And, in our young and tender years,
What brighter dream than this?

Ah, then there's something holy, too,
In word, and look, and smile,
A dreamy [illegible] lights her eye,
That touches us the while;
And we half sigh to share her joy—
Though sigh we may in vain,
Until our hearts are link'd like hers,
Within affection's chain!

Agricultural.

FUNGI, ETC.

[The following article, which contains some well-timed suggestions, upon a subject of much interest to farmers, we cut from the Philadelphia Farmer's Cabinet.

Mr. Editor:—The fact that the disease which has injured the potatoe crop so severely for several years past, has been attributed to the attacks of the fungi, by some highly scientific gentlemen, induces me to give you a few remarks on the *cause of the fungi*.

Close observation will show that all plants of the fungi tribe grow where there is a deficiency of alkalies. We never see mushrooms, toadstools, or anything of the kind grow on or near a heap of ashes, or lime. But we almost invariably see them growing on or near a pile of stable dung, or anything yielding a large proportion of carbonic acid. The cause of this is easily demonstrated by chemistry. A chemical analysis of plants of the fungi tribe, will show that they contain an extremely small proportion of alkali, far smaller than any other class of vegetables. This fact is of the highest importance to farmers; by its aid they can always tell when their soils need alkaline substances to make them more productive, without going to the trouble and expense of a chemical analysis of the soil for that purpose. Upon whatever spot of ground the fungi make their appearance, *there* is a want of alkali, and no time should be lost in supplying it, if we would raise profitable crops; for such crops as wheat, corn, oats, hay, potatoes, &c., will not grow well there, even if they are supplied with the very best stable manure. They need ashes, lime, &c., in such places, *and they cannot do without it.*

The fungi being composed principally of carbon, oxygen, and hydrogen, feed upon carbonic acid and water chiefly, and consequently if lime or potash be added to the soil where they grow, and the carbonic acid be thereby changed into a salt, the fungi have nothing to feed upon, and therefore die, for they cannot feed upon *small*. When the potato crop has been furnished with sufficient alkali, particularly potash, and the carbonic acid in it is in the form of a carbonate, the fungi have nothing to feed upon, and do not attack the potato. On the other hand, when there is not sufficient alkali given to the potato crop to cause the carbonic acid to form a sort by union with such alkali, then the carbonic acid in the potato is in its own form of carbonic acid, and as such the sickly root offers the proper food to the fungi, and it avails itself of it; unfortunately, for doing so, it brings down upon itself the charge of being the cause of the potato disease.*

The same is the case with other plants. If they lack alkali to form a salt in connection with the carbonic acid they receive, the superabundant carbonic acid will give nutrition to the seeds of fungi, and they will sprout and grow. We see this effect produced in wheat in the case of mildew, rust, or blight, and also in smut in the same plant, the ergot in rye, the "devil's snuff box" in corn, the mildew in oats, buckwheat, and the grasses, and the mossy growth on the bark of fruit and other trees. This is demonstrated by the fact, that if we apply strong alkalies in sufficient quantities to any of these plants before they are attacked by the fungi, *they will not be attacked*; and if we supply them after they are attacked, *they will soon be freed from them*. It is to this purpose that our most successful farmers and fruit raisers apply salt and lime to protect wheat from rust, mildew, or blight, and smut—and put ashes and lime upon corn to protect it from the "snuff box"—and sow ashes on potatoes to save them from the rot—and wash fruit trees with whale oil, soap or other alkaline substances, to restore them to health. These alkaline substances, too, by uniting with the carbonic acid, prevent the commencement of decay. This commencement, in all carbonaceous substances, is called in chemistry, the "saccharine fermentation," the product of which is a sweet substance, which gives a food to flies, bugs, &c., and which flies and bugs are also charged by other scientific gentlemen, with being the cause of the potatoe rot, and other diseases of plants. The Hessian fly, in my opinion, finds nothing suited to its palate in a healthy stalk of wheat, or one that has enough alkali, and therefore does not attack it.

* Some of the practical chemists of your city, with their balances, tests, &c., might do the agricultural community a great service in connection with this matter, by analyzing sound potatoes, and giving their constituents, and then analyzing the rotting potatoes, and giving those constituents also. The public might then compare them, and see what was wanted, and supply it; I would do so myself, had I the requisite materials.

[illegible] but in a sickly plant, or one with a deficiency of alkali, she finds the sweet substance upon which she feeds, and there lays her eggs; which eggs, in the course of time, hatch and produce worms, and if the plant is in such a condition as to furnish food for these worms, they will still remain there; but a healthy plant will not furnish that food—the pulp is injured to the wheat-worm, stock-worm, and all other worms that attack plants. I am led to this conclusion, Mr. Editor, by numerous observations and some experiments. I have found that where there was the proper quantity of alkaline substances plants were not injured by worms, bugs, or flies, in any other way than by being eaten up by them.—And, indeed, they are not so apt to be eaten when they have a sufficiency of alkalies, for by these salts they form carbonate of lime, phosphate of lime, silicate of potash, &c., and make their stalks and leaves so hard and strong as to be almost impenetrable to the attacks of many insects that infest them. And their juices are so insipid that they are not so well relished by such insects.

CHEMICUS.

The Olio.

OUR EARLY LOVED.

Our early loved, how their memory clings
To the hearts that loved no more!
Like a rose that still in its sweetness springs
Where a garden's pride is o'er.
Tho' the weeds and thorns may have long defaced
The place of the perished flowers,
Yet that lingerer gladdens the cheerless waste
With the bloom of its brighter hours.

Our early loved, hath their after path
From our steps far parted been,
Hath the hand of power, or the flame of wrath,
Or life's barriers risen between?
Yet still, in our dreams, their shadows come
Through the parting waste of years,
Though the path is marked with many a tomb,
And its sands are wet with tears.

They come with a light left far behind
On the distant mountain's brow,
Where the sunrise shone on the waking mind
That is dark with shadows now;
But even as the morning star returns
To brighten the evening shades,
So the lamp of their memory brighter burns
As the spirit's daylight fades.

Our early loved, have we found them changed
In the gloom of our winter days,
And their bright locks blanched, and their looks estranged,
Till they scarce return our gaze,
But far in the land where storms of time
Can no longer sear or chill?
In the light of our memory's cloudless clime
We find them changeless still.

Hath the grass on the grave grown rankly green,
Where we laid so long ago
Our first affections all unseen,
In their deep quenchless glow?
Alas! for the dust so darkly piled
O'er the bright but buried gem;
But safe are the treasures death hath sealed,
For there comes no change on them.

We may love again, and the latter ties
Of life may be bright and strong,
But if broken, never in memory's eyes
Will their fragrance, shine so long;
And the shrines of our childhood's stainless faith
We may leave them far and cold,
With a love that ne'er grows old.

MATRIMONY.

There is a sort of homely sense running through Grant Thorburn's writings, that always gives them currency. He advises young men to get married; and says:

"In choosing a wife, let her be of a family not vain of their name or connections; but remarkable for their simplicity of manners and integrity of life. Let her be alike free from deformity and hereditary disease; neither fix your eyes on a celebrated beauty—she is apt to be too proud of her pretty face, and afraid to soil her delicate hands. The woman who performs light services in the family, is always the most healthy, the most happy, and the most contented—for thus she gains the approbation of her husband and of her own conscience. The woman who leaves her family four or five hours every day, running about and making calls, is always unhappy for conscience says—you have been sowing the wind, you shall reap the whirlwind. Beauty is a very desirable ingredient in choosing a wife; you will be proud of your handsome wife when you introduce her to a friend; but by all means find out, if you can, whether or not she is *vain of her beauty*. If you find she is daily washing her [already] pretty face with milk of roses, and patent cosmetics—that she is daily pouring water and Macassar oil on her [already] glossy hair—if this is the case, it is rather an alarming symptom. A handsome woman never looks so well as when she don't know it. Good nature is another necessary virtue in a wife. After marriage, if a woman does not pique herself on her knowledge of family affairs, and laying out money to the best advantage, let her be ever so sweet-tempered, gracefully made or elegantly accomplished, she is no wife for a man of business. When people are harnessed in the yoke matrimonial, they must draw together. Its a man's duty to give to his wife; its the wife's duty to use it with the most scrupulous economy. Continue to treat your wife with the same cheerfulness on your brow, the same tenderness in your eyes, the same obliging turn in your behavior with which you were wont to treat her in the days of courtship; if you do this, her love will never change. Above all things, never let her imagine it a penance for you to stay at home, or that you prefer any company whatever to her, let her share with you in all your pleasures. By these and similar acts of kindness, you will secure her love and gratitude at once, and she will say she is the happiest woman upon earth."

FEMALE PATRIOTISM.

The Queen of Gamore, after having defended five fortresses against the foe, she retreated to her last stronghold, on the Nerbudda, and had scarcely left the bark, when the assailants arrived in pursuit. The disheartened defenders were few in number, and the fortress was soon in possession of the foe. The beauty of the Queen was an allurement only secondary to his desire for her country, and he invited her to reign over it and him. Denial would have been useless, and would have subjected her to instant coercion, for the Khan awaited her reply in the hall below; she therefore sent a message of assent, and demanded two hours for unmolested preparation, that she might appear in appropriate attire. Ceremonials, on a scale of magnificence equal to the shortness of the time, were going on; the song of joy had already stifled the discordant voice of war, and at length the Khan was summoned to the terrace. Robed in the marriage garb presented to him by the queen, he hastened to obey the mandate, and found that fame had done justice to her charms. He was desired to be seated, and in conversation, full of rapture on his side, hours were as minutes while he gazed on the beauty of the Queen. But presently his countenance fell—he complained of heat, punkas and water were brought but they availed him not, and he began to tear the bridal garments from his frame, when the Queen thus addressed him. "Know, Khan, that your last hour is come; our wedding and our death shall be sealed together. The vestments which cover you are poisoned; you had left me no other expedient to escape pollution." While all were horror struck by this declaration, she sprang from the battlements into the flood beneath.

FROM AN OLD ANNUAL.

I met a lily in the vale,
Just opened to the morning gale—
'Twas pure as light, and snowy white,
And so I stopped to gaze,
"And thou art beautiful," I said—
The lily did not hide its head,
But freely forth its odors shed,
To pay me for my praise.

Beside my path a wild rose grew,
All spangled o'er with diamond dew—
And Oh, 'twas fair as things of air,
I could not pass it by
Unheeded as a common flower—
And so I clasped it, and a shower
Of tribute pearls confessed my power,
And told me not to fly.

I found upon a mountain height
A virgin spring, all pure and bright,
And lovely in its leaflet bower,—
I knelt its chrystal lips to kiss,
And Oh, its sparkles told of bliss,
Its lovely waters would not miss,
And bade me kiss once more.

But, Ellen, there's a lovelier thing—
Than lily, rose, or mountain spring—
And yet it makes my fears—
For when I praise, behold it frowns,
And when I'd clasp, away it bounds,
And when I kneel to kiss it, sounds!
I get a box upon the ears!

PATRICK'S COLT.

A gentlemen who favors us with some reminiscences respecting the early settlements of this place—formerly old Derryfield—relates the following anecdote. "When my grandfather resided at Goffstown and Derryfield, then settled by the Irish, he hired a wild sort of an Irishman to work on his farm. One day, soon after his arrival, he told him to take a bridle and go out in the field, and catch the black colt: 'Don't come home without him,' said the old gentleman. Patrick started and was gone some time, but at last returned minus the bridle, with his face and hands badly scratched as though he had received rough treatment. 'Why, Patrick, what is the matter—what in the name of wonder ails you?' 'An' faith, isn't it me, yer honor, that never'll catch the ould black coult again? bad luck to him! An' didn't he all but scratch me eyes out o' me head? An' faith, as thrue as me shoule's me own, I had to cliumb up a three afther the coult!' 'Climb a tree after him! Nonsense! Where is the beast?' 'An' its tied to the three, he is, to be shure, yer honor.' We all followed Patrick to the spot to get a solution of the difficulty, and on reaching the field we found, to our no small amusement, that he had been chasing a *young black bear*, which he had succeeded in catching after a great deal of rough usage on both sides, and actually tied it with the bridle to an old tree. Bruin was kept for a long while, and was ever after known as 'Patrick's Colt.'"—*Manchester American.*

☞ "Dr. Small is a very fine man," said a very nice young fellow, "but he insulted me."

"How? I never knew him to insult anybody."

"Yes—he called me an *adult*, and I was never anything but a gentleman."

☞ The coffee, in some of the boarding houses in Boston, is so "werry veak" that miniature steam engines are required to force it down the throats of the "victims."

Overwhelmed with Wind.—A correspondent of the New York [illegible] [illegible] that [illegible] by the magnetic telegraph:

"This is one use to which the magnetic telegraph may be put on our Atlantic coast that I have nowhere seen mentioned—it is in telling us of the approach of northeast storms. It is well known that they commence in Philadelphia about some hours earlier than here, and farther south, at Baltimore, Washington or Norfolk, still earlier; and here before they commence in Boston. Now, word could be sent ahead of any hurricane or storm, from station to station, and thus prevent the loss of many a richly laden vessel. For, instead of leaving port only to beat against the wind, or get on a lee shore, they could remain securely moored at the wharf until the storm is over. Not only may the merchant and mariner be benefitted, but all classes, especially the farmer, who might be notified of the approach of a northeast storm, over a considerable extent of country; and thus, in harvest time, save thousands of dollars' worth of hay and grain."

☞ A wag went out a fishing one day, and not meeting with the best luck, determined on having some sport. He went home and deposited what he had caught, and a neighbor passing by soon after accosted him with—

"What luck to-day?"

"Oh," answered the wag, "no great—I caught a hundred or two."

"A hundred or two!" replied the neighbor, with great surprise; "I'll bet you a dollar of that," continued he.

"Done," said the wag; whereupon he uncovered a pile near him and a couple of fish lay there scarcely through with their death-struggles, remarking—"There they are—I have won the wager!"

"How so," returned his neighbor, "here are only *two!*"

"Well," replied the wag, "that's just as I told you—a hundred *or* two!" This is a fish story.

A New Office.—On the road from Bangor to Houlton, the jolly Captain K. recently met with an old acquaintance, and they reined in for a chat.

"What's the news?" inquired the captain, after the usual salutations had been observed.

"Nothing of consequence," was the reply—"I suppose you have heard that our old friend Tompkins has got an office at last."

"No! but I'm glad of it. He worked hard for the election of Mr. Polk, and deserved something at the hands of the powers that be. What is his place?"

"*To trim and tend the Northern Lights!*" The captain burst into a roar of laughter that reverberated through the wide old woods, and drove on.—*Portland Bulletin.*

Mene-ha-ha.—The Indians called the Falls of St. Anthony, in the Mississippi River, Mene ha-ha, or *the water that laughs*. How expressive is the name! The Mississippi (here seven hundred and fifty feet wide) falls over a perpendicular height of thirty-five feet, and forms a most beautiful cataract—making the waters to laugh and dance.

☞ Your frequent elections are good things for the country," remarked a foreigner, laying down a newspaper. Being asked why he thought so, he replied, "Why, I see that every stone in Georgia has been turned by both parties; this must be equal to subsoil ploughing, at least, and will produce a heavy crop next year."

☞ An English paper contains thirteen objections given by a young lady for declining a match—the first twelve being the suitor's twelve children and thirteen the suitor himself.

☞ Marrying a female for her beauty, is said to be like eating a bird for its singing.

For Children.

DISCONTENTED DORA.

FROM "FLOWERS FOR CHILDREN."

Dora Manning was rich, and her cousin Jane Loring was poor. If Dora wanted anything that could be bought with money, her parents could afford to buy it for her. But little Dora was not happy with her playthings, while her cousin Jane was almost always happy. Dora wanted everything she saw, and was never willing to make anything for herself.

One day her mother bought her a beautiful large French doll. Dora admired it very much, and went directly to show it to her cousin Jane.

"It was sweet and pretty," said Jane. "I wonder whether I could make one like it."

Her mother told her she could not make one so handsome; but with her help, she thought she could make a very pretty one. She bought a head for her, and showed her how to make the body, and stuff it. Then she gave her some pretty pieces of calico and silk to dress it. For four or five days, Jane employed all the time she was not at school, in making and dressing her doll. She was very happy. When the doll was done, it was really very pretty. It was not so handsome as her cousin Dora's doll; but the dress was made so neatly, that everybody liked it. It served to amuse Jane and her little companions for months afterward.

Do you think Dora Manning had so much pleasure with her beautiful new doll? No, indeed; she did not enjoy it half so much. It was entirely dressed when her mother bought it; and after she had looked at it a few times, she cared very little about it. It was none of it the work of her own little mind and fingers; and that was the reason she soon grew tired of it.

Two days after it was bought, one of her friends showed her a remarkably large doll, that could open and shut its eyes, when a string was pulled, to make them open and shut. This made Dora unhappy. She did not like her own beautiful doll, because she had seen another doll, that had moving eyes. "I must have a doll that can open and shut her eyes," said she. "I get cross with my doll; for when I sing lullaby, lullaby, there she lies in her cradle, with her great bright eyes staring wide open all the time. I must have a doll that can go to sleep."

Her mother bought a great doll with moving eyes; and, for a week or two, Dora was satisfied. But at the end of that time, she said she was tired of her doll, because she would not open and shut her eyes herself. "I have to pull a string to make her shut her eyes," said Dora, "and I don't call that going to sleep at all. I am tired of the stupid thing. Mother, will you buy me a musical box, like that we saw at Mrs. Gray's? You know a little bird came jumping out of that, and opened and shut his eyes, and sung, just as if he were alive. There was no need to pull a string to make him open and shut his eyes. Mother, I want such a bird as that."

"That musical box cost several hundred dollars, my dear," answered her mother. "I cannot afford to indulge you in such an expensive present. Besides, the bird's eyes were opened and shut by little springs inside of the box. He could not open his eyes himself, any better than your doll can."

"Well, it seems as if he did it himself; and that is what I want," said the little teaser. "I never want to see my stupid doll again, with a string to pull her eyes open."

"You are never contented with your playthings, my dear Dora," said her mother. "I wish I could see you as happy as your cousin Jane."

"Jane does not have half as many things as I do, and they are never half as pretty," said Dora; "but she always seems to like them. Mother, may I go to spend this afternoon with Jane?"

Her mother said she might, and Dora went to tell her cousin how tired she was of her new doll, that would not open and shut her eyes without having a string pulled.

She found Jane very busy, pasting pictures upon a small white box, which her mother had given her. "Oh, that is a sweet pretty box," exclaimed Dora. "I will ask mother to buy me one just like it."

"Why not make one for yourself?" asked Jane.

"Oh, mother can afford to buy me one; and I do not want the trouble of making it," said Dora.

"But you will like it as well again if you make it," said Jane. "You cannot tell how pleasant it is to make your own things. I like the things I make as well again as I like the things that are bought for me."

"You always like your things," said Dora, with a very sad voice. "I wonder what is the reason I cannot take as much comfort in mine."

"I will tell you, my dear," said her Aunt Loring. "You are not happy because you are not busy. You buy everything already made, and then you have nothing to do but to look at it. This soon gets tiresome; and it gives you no chance to improve yourself. Put some of your own industry into your things, and depend upon it you will like them a great deal better. If I were you, I would ask my mother not to buy me any more playthings. I will teach you to make many little things for yourself and others; and when you are busy, you will be happy."

Dora said she would; and two years afterward, she told her mother that now she was learning to help herself, and help other people, she had found out how to be happy. After that, she never wanted a thing merely because she saw somebody else have it.

A HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

Where, where are all the birds that sang
A hundred years ago?
The flowers that all in beauty sprang
A hundred years ago?
The lips that smiled;
The eyes that wild
In flashes shone
Soft eyes upon—
Where, oh where, are lips and eyes,
The maiden's smiles, the lover's sighs,
That lived so long ago?

Who peopled all the city street,
A hundred years ago?
Who filled the church with faces meek,
A hundred years ago?
The sneering tale
Of sister frail,
The plot that work'd
A brother's hurt,
Where, oh where, are the plots and sneers,
The poor man's hopes, the rich man's tears,
That lived so long ago?

Where are the graves where dead men slept
A hundred years ago?
Who were they the living wept
A hundred years ago?
By other men
That knew not them,
Their lands are till'd,
The graves are filled;
Yet nature then was just as gay;
And bright the sun shone as to-day;
A hundred years ago?

DR. SWAYNE'S COMPOUND SYRUP OF WILD CHERRY, THE GREAT REMEDY FOR *Consumption, Colds, Coughs, Spitting of Blood, Bronchitis, Difficulty of Breathing, Asthma, Pain in the Side and Breast, Whooping Cough, Croup, and all Diseases of the Lungs and Liver, Broken Constitution, &c.*

THE ABOVE IS THE ORIGINAL AND ONLY genuine preparation from this valuable tree, and has won its way to public favor by its unparalleled success in curing all diseases of the Lungs, notwithstanding the many articles prepared by persons who have no knowledge of the science of medicine in theory or practice—and some more readily to deceive the unsuspecting, use a part of the name of the original preparation, such as "*Balsam of Wild Cherry*," "*Phoenix Balsam of Wild Cherry*," "*Balsam of Wild Cherry and Comfrey*," &c., all sprung up with a mercenary view, since "Doctor Swayne's Compound Syrup of Wild Cherry" had won a reputation in the "healing art," never to be forgotten by many a once cheerless fireside. Therefore the public should be on their guard and purchase none but the original preparation, which is daily performing such astonishing cures in Pulmonary complaints, after all other remedies had failed and the patients given up as hopeless. Thousands of certificates might be published which would astonish credulity itself, but it is deemed unnecessary,—below we publish a few of the names of persons who have been cured by this "wonderful remedy."

Robert Glenn, Steward of the Alms House, near Frankford, testifies to the efficacy of Dr. Swayne's Compound Syrup of Wild Cherry, in curing Valentine Chapman of one of the most aggravated cases of diseased Lungs, which has ever been placed upon record, after every other remedy had failed, and his Physician had given him up as incurable.

Miss S. Lewis, of West Philadelphia, cured of Bleeding of the Lungs of five years standing, her symptoms were spitting of blood, attended with a hacking cough, pain in the side, breast and back, which finally brought on a confirmed Consumption; entirely cured by the use of Dr. Swayne's Compound Syrup of Wild Cherry.

Mrs. Brown, corner of Second street and Germantown Road, Philadelphia, effectually cured of diseased Lungs and the symptoms of incipient Consumption, by using four bottles of Dr. Swayne's Compound Syrup of Wild Cherry.

R. Jackson, D.D., formerly Pastor of the First Presbyterian Church, N. York, testifies to the efficacy of Dr. Swayne's Compound Syrup of Wild Cherry, and recommends it to the heads of families, having witnessed its wonderful effect in more than one hundred cases, in relieving children of every obstinate complaint, such as coughing, wheezing, choking of phlegm, asthmatic attacks, &c.

Abraham Skinner, Crawford county, Pa., cured of a protracted cough, pain in the side and breast, &c., after being reduced to a mere skeleton.

James Osbourn, Washington, Pa., cured of Consumption and Bleeding of the Lungs, after being given up by several eminent Physicians, and having used most of the patent medicines.

This medicine in all cases gives immediate relief, and is a safe, pleasant and effectual remedy, and worthy a trial of the most sceptical.

☞ Prepared only by Dr. SWAYNE, N. W. corner of EIGHTH and RACE streets, Philadelphia, where all orders must be addressed.

Attached are the names of a few of the principal agents: Haviland, Keese & Co. New York; Dr. Milnor, corner Broadway and John streets, New York; Avery, Ogden & Co., and Wm. Thorn, Pittsburg, Pa.; E. B. Hinman, Cincinnati, Ohio; J. S. Morris & Co. Louisville, Ky.; E. Easterly & Co., and D. R. Diffenderffer, St. Louis, Mo.; Andrew Oliver & Co. N. Orleans; O. O. Woodman, Vicksburg, Miss.; S. Cottart, Huntsville, Ala.; E. Hooling, Book store, Buffalo, N. York; Seth W. Roberts, Mobile; Stabler & Canby, Pratt street wharf, Baltimore, Md.; M'Kinley, Lionville, Pa.; J. P. Hall & Co., and E. Kidder, Boston; R. Farnham, Washington, D. C.; M. Turner, Savanna, Geo.; J. M. Winslow & L. B. Swan, Rochester; Harvey Seymour, Hartford, Conn.; & J. Brewer, Springfield, Mass., and all the principal towns throughout the U. States. aug 9-3m

DR. JACKSON'S PILE EMBROCATION.

HEMORRHOIDS, OR PILES, IS A DISEASE produced by local irritation, costiveness, purgatives, stimulants, undue determination of blood to the hemorrhoidal vessels by excessive riding or walking, or a congestive state of the liver, and often by a peculiarity of the constitution itself.

It is usually considered under three forms, or varieties as follows:—Blind Piles, White Piles, and Bleeding Piles.

This disease is so common and so very well known that a description of its symptoms is not considered necessary.

The success that has followed the use of the Embrocation in the cure of this disease, has been truly astonishing. Physicians now advise their patients to use it, as the only PILE MEDICINE.

In addition to its being a positive remedy for the Piles it never fails to cure that INTOLERABLE ITCHING which is so very common, and has its location in the same parts as the Piles.

Read the following from the editorial columns of Alexander's Weekly Messenger.

Found at Last.—*A Sure Cure for the Piles!*—Physicians and chemists have long been anxious to discover a medicine that would cure one of the most troublesome diseases, the Piles. Success has at last been the result. *Dr. Jackson's Pile Embrocation* not only stops all bleeding, allays pain and inflamation, subdues that intolerable itching, but effectually cures, like a charm, and in a very short time, persons whose lives have been rendered miserable for years.

Only a few from the great number of certificates will be published. Read the following:

PILES! PILES!! PILES!!!

Philadelphia, March 10, 1845.
Western Hotel.

Dr. Jackson—Sir:—I think there are few diseases which are more common and troublesome than the Piles, and during the last fifteen years I have suffered from them very much, causing pain, bleeding, and immoderate itching; I used all the various remedies, but without relief, until I got a bottle of your Embrocation, from Dr. Jayne, No. 8 South Third Street, which completely cured me in three weeks!!!

Yours, truly, S. H. Plimpton.

And the following from the editor of the Philadelphia Times.

"Highly Important!!—Jackson's Embrocation never fails. It is the only medicine now sold for the cure of one of the most common and troublesome diseases.

"A friend who has been cured by it, bids us to speak warmly in praise of the efficacy of *Jackson's Pile Embrocation*. He describes it as being the very best remedy of the kind ever imagined by the enthusiast in pharmacy.

Mr. Ashford's letter must settle the question in the mind of every one.

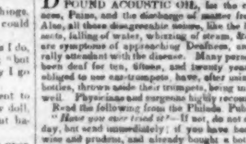
Piles! Piles!! Piles!!!—Rarely a day passes that we do not get some testimony, either verbal or written, of the great efficacy of *Dr. Jackson's Pile Embrocation*.—Read the following.

New York, 721 Broadway, 1st
September 2d, 1845.

Dr. N. Jackson.—Dear Sir:—Will you send me six bottles of your PILE EMBROCATION?—I wish them part to keep myself, and part for a legal gentleman, a friend of mine, who has found great relief in using from my bottle two or three times. You remember, when in Philadelphia, I was suffering dreadfully from this terrible scourge. I only took one bottle from you, I have not used it quite all and am now perfectly well. As you may suppose, I proclaim the virtues of your medicine wherever I go. I tell every friend about it; and it is singular to perceive how many are suffering in this way. I believe half of my acquaintances are more or less afflicted. Let me tell you that you can sell here, as many as you choose to make. When you want a certificate from me you shall have it, and you are at liberty to show this letter if you wish.

Respectfully yours,
LEWIS P. ASHFORD.

Prepared only by Dr. N. JACKSON, and sold wholesale and retail by Dr. D. JAYNE, No. 8 South Third Street, Philadelphia, and by A. B. & D. Sands, No. [illegible] Fulton Street, New York, also by Carter & Wilson, corner of Portland and Hanover Streets, Boston, Mass. None genuine unless with the signature of N. Jackson, M. D., on the outside wrapper, and with the words "DR. JACKSON'S PILE EMBROCATION, PHILADELPHIA," blown in each bottle. Price, $1 per bottle, or six bottles for $5. sep 20-eow



DEAFNESS CURED!!—SCARPA'S COMPOUND ACOUSTIC OIL, for the cure of Deafness, Pains, and the discharge of matter from the Ears. Also, all those disagreeable noises, like the buzzing of insects, falling of water, whizzing of steam, &c. &c., which are symptoms of approaching Deafness, and also generally attendant with the disease. Many persons who have been deaf for ten, fifteen, and twenty years, and were obliged to use ear-trumpets, have, after using one or two bottles, thrown aside their trumpets, being made perfectly well. Physicians and surgeons highly recommend its use.

Read the following from the Philada. Public Ledger.

"*Have you ever tried it?*—If not, do not delay another day, but send immediately; if you have been one of the wise and prudent, and already bought a bottle, the question is settled; you have recovered your hearing. *Scarpa's Oil for Deafness* never fails. It is the only medicine that will cure. Thousands of deaf persons will give their testimony in its favor. The beauty of the thing is that it cures you without producing any pain."

The Editor of the Philadelphia Forum thus speaks of the medicine.

"*Valuable Article.*—Scarpa's Acoustic Oil is said by those who have had occasion to use it, to be an excellent medicine in cases of deafness arising from colds or other causes. We know a young lady who not long since was almost immediately relieved by it, and the certificate of Mr. Daniel Graeff is an unanswerable testimony of its efficacy."

And again from the Editor of the Morning Chronicle.

"*Important for the Deaf.*—We commend to the particular attention of those desirous of having their hearing restored, *Scarpa's Oil for Deafness*. We hear it highly spoken of by those who have used it, and of course know its value."

Here is something worth attending to, coming, as it does, from a man so extensively known as is Mr. Graeff, both in the city and country:

"I hereby certify, that from the effects of a severe cold last winter, I became partially deaf, attended with very disagreeable noises, like ringing of bells, &c., which gradually increased, until I completely lost the hearing of one ear—when I was induced to use Scarpa's Acoustic Oil, and am now happy to say, that with the use of one bottle of the above medicine, I can hear as well as ever, and the disagreeable noises have entirely disappeared. Any further information respecting my case, will be gladly given by calling on me at 45½ North Fifth street, near Race.

Philada., Nov. 11, 1843." DANIEL GRAEFF.

Read what Scarpa's Acoustic Oil has done!! The greatest cure every yet performed by any medicine! It never fails!

From the Albany Daily Knickerbocker.

West Troy, June 3, 1844.

This is to certify that I, Willard Jenks, proprietor of the West Troy Exchange Hotel, having been affected with deafness in one ear for the last twenty years, and in the other for the last year, so that it was impossible for me to hear the loudest voice, and after trying various remedies without improving my hearing in the least, I was induced to try Scarpa's Compound Acoustic Oil for the cure of Deafness, and it is with great gratification I am enabled to state that it has perfectly restored my hearing, and will be happy to see any person who wishes for information in relation to my case, at my place, in West Troy. mar 8-eowtf] WILLARD JENKS.

A great number of certificates and other testimonials may be seen by calling at Dr. D. Jayne's, No. 20 South Third street, or B. B. Gumpert, No. 120 North Second street, Philadelphia, where the medicine is for sale, wholesale or retail. Also at A. B. & D. Sands, No. 79 Fulton street, New York; Carter & Wilson, corner of Portland and Hanover streets, Boston, Mass.; G. L. Dohurst, Baltimore, Md.; P. M. Cohen & Co., Charleston, S. C.; Sickles & Co., New Orleans, La.; B. F. Ells, Dayton, Ohio; W. Sheppard, Cincinnati, Ohio; R. & J. Adams, St. Louis, Mo.; A. Carter, Portland, Me.; W. F. Pierce, Albany, N. Y.; W. K. Kitchen, Augusta, Ga.; A. Jayne's, Pittsburg, Pa.; Tomlinson & Brothers, Indianapolis, Ind.; and in most of the principal cities in the United States.

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